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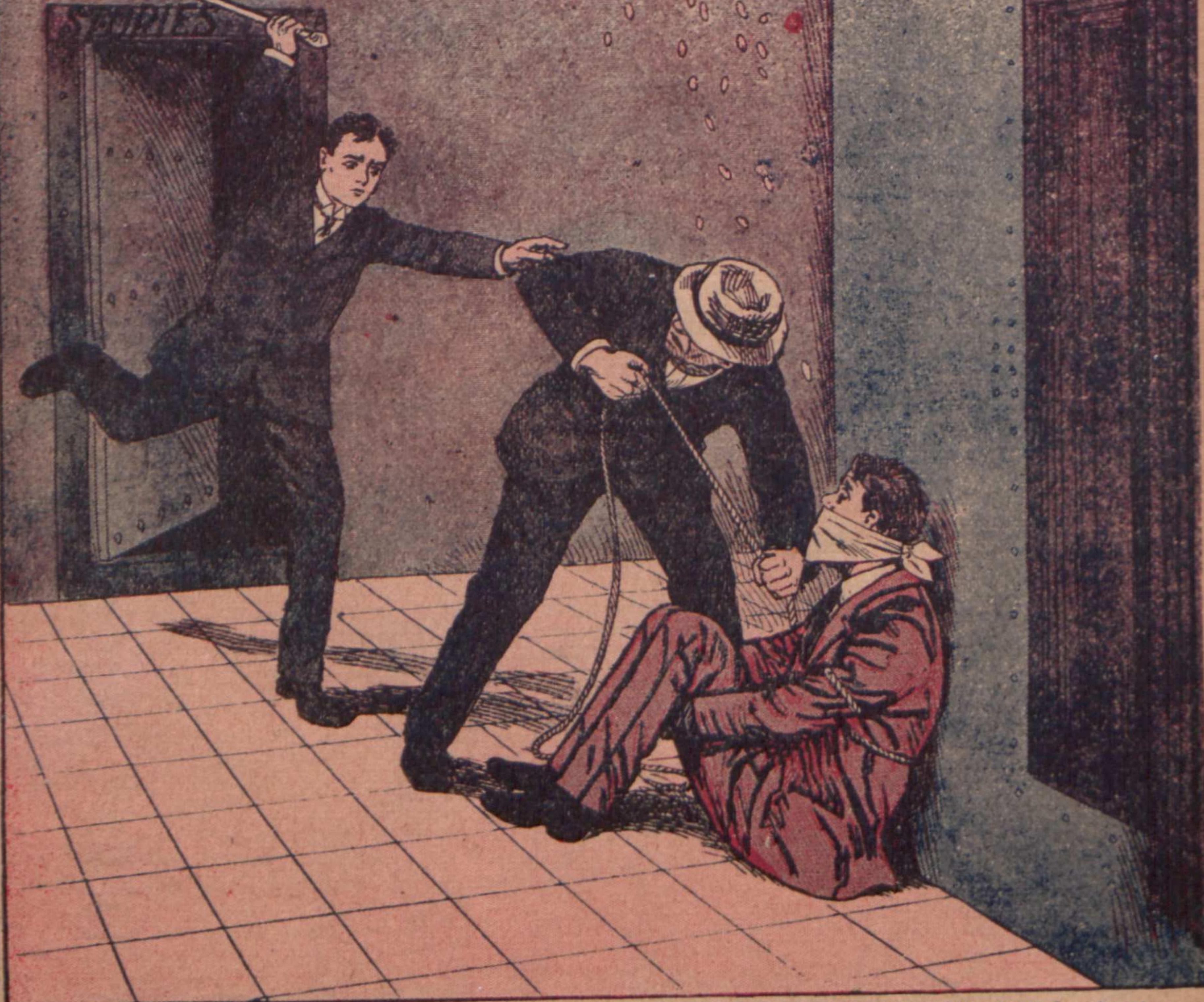
STORIES OF
BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

A BOY BROKER'S DOLLARS

OR THE MYSTERY OF THE MONEY VAULT

(A STORY OF WALL ST.) *By A Self-Made Man*

AND OTHER



"What are you up to, you rascal?" cried Fred, rushing into the vault with uplifted stick. As the surprised man turned the boy broker struck at him. At that moment a trap above opened and a shower of gold fell.

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JUN 2 1923

No. 816

NEW YORK, MAY 20, 1921.

Price 7 Cents

A Boy Broker's Dollars

SEND for latest list of boys to nov-
els that would fit the
boy, or exchange.

OR THE MYSTERY OF THE MONEY

RALPH F. CUMMINGS
3 Brook St., R. Box 8
Lawrence, Mass.

CHAPTER I.—A Peculiar Condition of Things.

"Now that Old Daddy Dollars is dead and buried, and Henry Singleton, his nephew, has taken possession of the office, and is going to sell the furniture and fixings, what are you going to do, Fred? Look for another job as chief clerk to a money broker?" asked Joe Downey.

The two boys sat together in the office of the late Matthew Gridley, known in Wall Street during the later years of his long life as "Old Daddy Dollars." Who had given the old man the nickname, or when it was first applied to him, no one in the financial district could have told. He had enjoyed it many years, but instead of being offended by the appellation, Gridley had liked it. At any rate, he was never known to resent it, and it had stuck to him as close as wax. When he finally departed this life, at the advanced age of eighty-five, the newspapers reported "Old Daddy Dollars Dead," as though that were his real name.

Fred Grant had been the old man's chief clerk, although he was but a boy of eighteen, having originally entered his employ at fourteen as office boy. When we say chief clerk, we mean that Fred was Gridley's head assistant in the money-brokerage business at the time of the old man's death. Joe Downey was office boy and junior clerk, and when he uttered the words with which this chapter opens he was wondering where he could find another position himself, now that Henry Singleton had taken possession of all his late uncle's effects and announced that the business was closed down for good.

"What am I going to do?" replied Fred. "I'm going to reopen this office on my own hook."

"You are?" cried Joe, looking surprised. "Have you got capital enough to start a money-brokerage business?"

"Whether I have or not, I'm not going to do that kind of business, notwithstanding the fact that I am thoroughly familiar with it."

"Do you mean that?"

"If I didn't I wouldn't say so. I have bought all the furniture and fixings from Singleton, and so what you see around you belongs to me and will not be disturbed."

"How about the money vault at the back of the private room?"

"That's mine, too."

"How much did you give Singleton for it?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing!" exclaimed Joe. "How could you get it from him for nothing? He isn't the kind of chap to give anything away."

"I didn't get it from him."

"But it came into his hands with the rest of the old man's property."

"No, it didn't."

"Why not?"

"It came to me."

"You!"

"Yes; Matthew Gridley left me the money vault in his will as an evidence of his appreciation of my services to him since I came into his employ. He specifically stated that the vault and all its contents, except what money was found in the wall safe, which was to go to his nephew, was to become my property absolutely."

"I suppose Singleton found a bunch of money in the safe?"

"He found just \$1,000 in bills."

"I thought the old man kept a raft of money in the vault. I know he only kept a small balance in his bank."

"I thought so, too, but though Singleton, Lawyer Bates and I went over every corner of the safe, that's all the money he found."

"What in thunder did he do with his money?"

"I couldn't tell you. His books didn't show what he was worth. It is my idea, and Singleton's, that he lost nearly all his savings in some investment, though not a bit of evidence to that effect was found."

"How much did Singleton come into altogether as far as you know?"

"The \$1,000 in bills, and about \$2,000 more, consisting of all kinds of foreign coin, and notes that represented the stock in trade of the business at the time of Mr. Gridley's death."

"Singleton counted on coming into a raft of money. He must be awfully disappointed with the showing at present."

"He is. He's said things about his uncle that he ought to be ashamed of, for, in my opinion, he is lucky to get anything. He and the old man never were on a friendly footing, and I wouldn't have been surprised if Mr. Gridley had cut him off with a dollar and left all his property to charity."

"That's right. Singleton is a fast young chap, and I always thought that the old man didn't approve of his methods. But Mr. Gridley owned the house he lived in, didn't he?"

"He did; but he left that and everything in it to his housekeeper."

"How much are the house and contents valued at?"

"About \$40,000."

"Well, that's something. Maybe the old man put most of his money in that."

"He might have done so forty years ago when he bought it, but what the lawyer would like to know is where the money is that Mr. Gridley made during those forty years."

"If it suddenly turned up, would Singleton have the right to claim it?"

"I suppose he would have the right to claim it as heir-at-law, as it was not disposed of by will."

"Say, how could the old man leave you the vault and all that was in it, except the money in the wall safe, if the vault is practically owned by the proprietor of the building?"

"He merely left me whatever right he enjoyed in it himself—that is, a temporary one—but he left me absolutely everything contained in any part of the vault except the cash in the safe, as stated. Mr. Bates said that Mr. Gridley was very particular about the wording of the clause; in fact, he drew it up himself and submitted it to the lawyer for his legal opinion. He said his purpose was to prevent his nephew from sustaining any claim upon any part of the vault, even its steel construction. According to the contract with the owner of the building, Mr. Gridley was given absolute ownership of every inch of the steel work until the lease expired. After that he ceased to have any right in the vault, even though the lease of it and the rest of the premises was renewed to him."

"Well, I hope you'll make out in the brokerage business. I wish I was going to work for you."

"As I will need a general assistant, the job is yours at six per, with the prospect of advancement if you want to take it."

"I'll take it," said Joe promptly.

"Then that matter is settled. Your time will begin on Monday."

At that moment the door opened and a man came in.

"Is Mr. Grant in?" he asked.

"That's my name. Are you the painter I arranged with?"

"Yes. I was sent here to letter the door."

"Very good. Rub off the sign that's on it and then I'll give you the copy."

The painter started to do the work. In a short time the glass pane was ready to be re-lettered. Fred handed him the following:

"Frederick Grant. Stocks and Bonds."

The man painted it on the door in letters similar to those used on the other doors of the corridor. Fred paid him and he went away.

"Now let's go to lunch, Joe," he said to his companion.

He locked up the office and they left the building, not intending to return again that day, as it was Saturday.

CHAPTER II.—The Beginning of the Mystery.

On Monday morning Fred Grant appeared at his office a little after nine and he found Joe waiting for him outside the door.

"Two clerks, who work next door, stopped and looked at your sign, Fred. They told me they

thought you had a lot of nerve to put up a bluff as a broker. They said you wouldn't last long enough to have the gloss rubbed off of you," said Joe.

"They were very kind," returned Fred, as he opened up the office. "I suppose Hickey, the margin clerk, was one?"

"Yes. The other was Peters."

"The wish was father to the thought," said Fred, "for they are both sore on me, and it riles them to see me getting ahead of themselves. I want you to take a letter to the ticker company, as soon as I write it."

"You're going to have a stock indicator put in?"

"Sure. Then you can go around to the stationer, at No. — Broad street, and see if my printing is done yet. It's paid for. You might as well bring over the other things I bought there and which the clerk said he would send around, but hasn't done so yet."

Fred wrote the letter, put it into an envelope, addressed it and handed it to Joe, who put on his hat and went out. The reader will probably wish to know how an eighteen-year-old boy like Fred Grant managed to have the capital necessary to start in business for himself. It wasn't a very large amount of money—a matter of \$6,000. He had made it by fortunate speculation in the stock market while working for the late Matthew Gridley, starting with \$500 left him by an aunt, who died. Not all of his deals had been successful, but in the main things came his way to the tune of about \$6,000 up to date, and so he decided, as the money vault was his property, as far as it could be, that he would hire his late employer's offices and see what he could do as a regular broker. Just why he didn't try to continue the money-broker business is a question we cannot answer.

He had his reasons, and if he didn't choose to make those reasons public he did not have to. He lived with his mother and two sisters in a cottage left free and clear by his father when he died, on the outskirts of Jersey City, and the trolley and Pennsylvania ferry carried him daily to and from Wall Street. While Joe was out, Fred went into his private room, fitted up just as Mr. Gridley had left it. Going to a steel door operated by a combination lock, he opened it and passed into the private money vault which had been constructed by the late money broker at a very considerable expense. It was pitch dark. Fred pushed a button in the wall near the entrance and immediately a spray of incandescent bulbs flashed a brilliant illumination about the vault. The door of the safe stood open. As it contained nothing more precious than bunches of mining shares of no particular value, the boy had not considered it worth while to shut it. The safe was simply a sort of closet with shelves, pigeon holes and drawers, built in the wall of the vault, and the electric lights in the ceiling fully illuminated it. Fred went to it and took out a bunch of the mining certificates, counted them over and made a note of them. He did the same with the other packages. The whole represented a loss of perhaps \$10,000 to the late Mr. Gridley, for some of the stock he had bought at a quarter a share when the first rush took place in Goldfield, and everybody interested in the mining

business in that field thought everything that looked like a mine was valuable.

There was a bunch of Mexican mining shares—the Las Vegas—which Mr. Gridley bought thirty years before his death from an impecunious visitor for a song. He paid the man \$50 for 5,000 shares, and it was \$50 thrown to the winds, for when the money broker sent to Mexico to investigate the mine he found that it was an abandoned one which had not been worked for several years. He kept the certificates, however, curious-looking ones they were, printed in Mexico City, and now Fred looked them over with interest as he added them to his inventory. He remembered that the old man once told him about the mine, and how he had wasted \$50 on it.

Fred soon left the vault, seated himself at his desk in the private room, and made a neat copy of all the presumably valueless mining stock that belonged to him. It was his intention to investigate each of the mining companies to see whether there was any chance of even one of them coming to life again. To say the truth, such a chance was very small. Most of the propositions were wildcat affairs that never had any real existence except in the brains of the schemers who got up the stock and put it on the market. As Fred put the last in a pigeon-hole, Joe came in with two packages from the stationer's.

One contained the account books Fred had purchased, and the other the printing he had ordered. Fred opened them and laid the books on top of his desk. He took about fifty of his business cards and put them in a pigeon-hole, and the same quantity of letter-headings, envelopes and other articles.

"Take the rest of this printing and put it in the bottom of the safe in the vault. You'll find the door open, and you needn't close it, for there is nothing of any great value in it," he said to Joe.

Joe lifted the packages and disappeared into the vault with them. Two minutes elapsed and then through the open vault door Fred heard an exclamation from his friend, mingled with a confused ringing of metal on metal.

"Hello! I wonder what that means?" said Fred, rising to investigate.

Before he could cover the short space between his desk and the door of the vault Joe appeared, looking as pale as a sick boy and clearly much frightened.

"What's the matter, Joe? What has happened?" asked Fred.

"Oh, gracious!" gasped Joe, dropping into a chair and staring at him.

"What in thunder has happened to you? You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"Don't—don't mention ghosts! The vault is haunted! The old man's spook is in there. I'll never go in there again."

"What sort of nonsense are you talking about?"

"No nonsense at all," gurgled Joe. "The vault is haunted, I tell you."

"Why, I was in there all the time you were away."

"And nothing happened?"

"Of course not. What should have happened?"

"Well, do you know what happened to me?"

"No. I'm waiting for you to tell me."

"A shower of gold coin dropped on my head."

Fred was going to say, "Get out!" when he remembered the rattling he had heard which sounded just like coined money. He made a dash through the door into the vault and looked around. There, scattered all about the steel floor of the vault, were shining gold eagles—fifty of them, possibly. Fred stared at them in astonishment. Where had they come from?

CHAPTER III.—The Mystery of the Fifty \$10 Gold Pieces.

He picked one up and looked at it to make sure his eyes did not deceive him. It was a \$10 gold piece, all right.

"Joe!" he called.

"Hello!" replied the lad.

"Come here!"

Joe slowly stuck his head in at the door and looked cautiously around, as if he feared something might jump at him. Then he looked at the ceiling of the vault, but there was nothing suspicious about it. Finally he looked at Fred, who was down on his knees, gathering up the gold.

"Come on and help me pick up these \$10 pieces."

It was finally all picked up, and Joe turned a dozen pieces over to Fred. The latter counted them and found exactly fifty.

"Five hundred dollars," he said. "Now tell me where they came from."

"I was standing about here, after putting those packages in the safe, when suddenly those gold pieces came down on my head from above and fell all over me."

Fred looked at the ceiling, though he didn't expect to see anything there. He examined the vault all over carefully, particularly the ceiling, as well as he could make it out at the distance of four feet, but there was nothing unusual about the vault in any way. Finally he had to give it up and call it a mystery. Although Joe had recovered his self-possession, he made it a point to stand close to the door while Fred was inspecting the vault. He half expected to see another shower of gold descend on his companion's head, but no such thing happened. When Fred gave the matter up and walked outside with the money in his hand, Joe preceded him.

"That is certainly a very curious occurrence, Joe," said the young broker, seating himself at his desk.

"What are you going to do with that money? Hold on to it?"

"As it didn't come out of the safe, I certainly shall. I am entitled to all money that turns up in the vault itself. I'd give something to know how that turned up."

At that moment the outer door in the next room opened and somebody walked in.

"See who the visitor is, Joe," said Fred.

The caller proved to be Henry Singleton. He looked sour and discontented. He walked into the private room without taking any notice of Joe.

"Hello! where did you get all that money?" he asked, when he saw the gold pieces on Fred's desk, and there was a look of suspicion in his eyes.

"There's only \$500 here. Don't you suppose I'm worth that much?" said Fred.

"It's mighty strange where all my uncle's money went to. It is also singular that you should have money enough to start out as a stock broker, a business that takes capital."

"Maybe you think I'm operating on your uncle's missing money?"

"It wouldn't surprise me to learn that you knew something about it."

"It would take a person gifted with second sight to find out what Mr. Gridley did with his money."

"Well, you worked for him and kept his books. You ought to be able to tell what he was worth when he died."

"I had nothing to do with your uncle's private affairs."

Singleton growled, and, after another look around the safe walked out and left the office.

CHAPTER IV.—A Dastardly Attack.

During the day Fred transferred his money from the safe deposit box he had been keeping it in to his private safe in the vault, locking it up in one of the drawers. Joe had little to do, and he put in his time reading the papers and looking after the office while Fred was out, which he was a good part of the time up to three o'clock. He heard that A. & D. was likely to advance a little in the next few days, and on the strength of the information he bought 300 shares of it at 90. Joe went home at half-past three, but Fred remained at the office to read the mining journals he had got from a big Curb firm. About four o'clock, Hickey, the margin clerk from next door, walked in. Fred was not particularly pleased to see him, for he knew the clerk was no friend of his.

"Hello, Grant! I see you've gone into the brokerage business," said Hickey, with a sarcastic grin.

"What if I have?" replied Fred. "Are you looking for a job?"

"Certainly not. What did you make that remark for?"

"I just asked you."

"Are you buying and selling stocks for customers?"

"I am."

"Have you bought a seat in the Exchange?"

"That's a tomfool question."

"How so?"

"I'm not twenty-one, as you know, and a person under age can't be admitted to membership in the Exchange if they were financially able to buy a dozen seats."

Hickey grinned.

"Will you take an order from me?" he said.

"I'll take an order from anybody if they've got the money to meet it."

"I'd like 100 shares of Terpsichore Consolidated mining, at the market. What will you charge me for getting it?"

Fred knew there was no such mining stock as Terpsichore Consolidated. Hickey was evidently trying to be funny.

"So you want 100 shares of Terpsichore?" he said. "Have you money enough to pay for them at a cent a share? They will cost you a whole

dollar, and as all Curb brokers have a minimum charge of one dollar for the smallest transaction, you will have to separate yourself from two whole dollars, which I imagine would be rather a strain on your pocketbook."

"I suppose you think that funny," said Hickey, not relishing Fred's sarcastic remarks.

"I don't know but it's as sensible as anything you have said since you came in here."

"Say, I didn't come in here to be insulted."

"Then you shouldn't come in here and try to be amusing at my expense."

"What are you talking about? I came in to give you an order."

"I might expect such a fool order from a two-legged jackass, but I thought you had more sense than to advertise your mental incapacity."

"How dare you talk to me in that manner, you young monkey!" cried Hickey, in a sudden rage.

"I address people as they deserve. Had you come in here as a gentleman, I would have treated you as such. But you didn't. You came in here thinking to pull off some cheap funny business at my expense, so you deserve to be handled without gloves," said Fred calmly.

"I've a great mind to slap your face for you."

"If you think it would make you feel any better you are at liberty to try it, but I warn you that such a proceeding would be dangerous to you."

"You impudent whippersnapper, take that!" roared Hickey.

He slapped Fred across the jaw and got up to leave. The young broker was up like a shot, and raising his foot, he gave the margin clerk a kick that nearly raised him off the floor. Hickey, mad with rage, struck at Fred with both fists, but the boy easily parried his blows. Hickey was furious, but he didn't care to continue the fistic argument. He shook his fist at Fred and went back to his own office, muttering threats of vengeance.

Peters, his friend, happened to be engaged with the cashier at the time, and did not observe Hickey's ruffled condition. By the time he got back to his desk Hickey had somewhat recovered.

"What did you do to the boy broker?" grinned Peters, who knew Hickey had gone into Fred's office to have some fun with him.

"I didn't do a thing to him," growled Hickey, which was almost strictly true.

Then it occurred to him that it would be a satisfaction to him, as misery likes company, to send Peters in next door on the same errand and see how he could come out. So he told Peters that Grant was the easiest mark in the world.

"I gave him an order for 100 Terpsichore Consolidated mining shares, and the chump is going to try and buy them for me," said Hickey, with a sickly grin. You go in and give him an order for another 100 shares. As he knows us, he's willing to execute my order without a deposit. He'll do the same for you. Go on."

"Is he really as easy as that? I didn't think he was," said Peters.

"He's so easy it's a shame to fool him," said Hickey.

Thus encouraged, Peters hurried into Fred's office.

"How do you do, Mr. Grant?" he said, with a covert grin.

"How do you do, Mr. Peters! What can I do for you?"

"Hickey told me that he placed an order with you for 100 shares of Terpsichore Consolidated mining. So as I thought I ought to help you along, too, I came in to give you a similar order."

"That's very kind of you, Mr. Peters," said Fred ironically.

"Sure. I always like to help my friends."

"Do you consider yourself a friend of mine?"

"Why not? We've known each other some time."

"I shouldn't think you'd come in here after what happened to your friend Hickey."

"Why, what happened to him?"

"Didn't he tell you?"

"No."

"He came in here and tried to be as funny as you are trying to be, handing out a ridiculous order. I called him down for it and he got mad and tried to do me up. I was compelled to apply the toe of my boot to the rear of his anatomy and then run him out of the office, as I would treat any objectionable character who tried to assault me. As you look as if you had more brains than Hickey, I am surprised to see you come in here and try to repeat his foolish trick."

"He sent me in. He said you were an easy mark."

"Oh!" smiled Fred. "If he had told you how I handled him you would not have believed I was quite so easy. If he really sent you in to repeat his errand he can't be a very great friend of yours. He is probably expecting to see you kicked out, too. You had better disappoint him by returning and letting him know that you had sense enough not to push a silly trick when you saw I was onto it."

Peters began to see that Hickey had tried to get him in trouble, and he was mad over it.

"I'm much obliged to you, Grant, for posting me. I admit I came in here to try and josh you, just for the fun of the thing. I am sorry now that I came on such a cheap errand, and I apologize for doing so."

"Your apology is accepted. I am glad to see you are man enough to acknowledge your mistake. It gives me a much better opinion of you. As for Hickey, he hasn't enough manliness about him to be made out under a microscope. It is really a surprise to me that he ever got higher than a very ordinary office boy."

Peters roared with glee at the picture Fred drew of his companion.

"Have you any objection to me telling him that?" he asked.

"None in the least. He's a mouse, and a very poor brand at that."

Peters returned to his office chuckling all over. Hickey was disappointed to see him return without any visible signs of a conflict. He looked at him inquiringly.

"Did you give him your order for 100 shares of Terpsichore?" he said.

"Yes, I did."

"He registered it in his book, I suppose, like he did mine."

"I'd hate to have had him register it in the same way he did your order," chuckled Peters.

"What do you mean?"

"You ought to remember what he handed you. I should if I'd got the same."

"I don't understand you."

"How does the toe of his boot feel?" grinned Peters.

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about the kick he handed you."

"You're off your trolley."

"How does it feel to be run out of an office by a boy?" kept on Peters.

"Look here, Peters. I don't want any such talk from you."

"Well, you'll get it. You went into Grant's office to fool him, and in place of finding him an easy mark, as you told me he was, you got the razoo good and proper. Then you induced me to go in, hoping I'd catch the same kind of medicine. It would have served me right if I had. At any rate, I had sense enough not to go too far when I saw I was on the wrong track. Grant took me pretty decent and told me how he treated you. He made quite an exhibition of you, and I'm glad he did, for you tried to get me into the same trouble. He told me you hadn't manliness enough in your whole body to be seen under a microscope. He also said you were a mouse, and a very poor specimen at that. I agree with him. I think you're no good, and I will trouble you to keep your distance hereafter and not talk to me. I prefer to associate with real men, and not imitation ones like you. That's all."

"You'll regret those words, Peters!" said Hickey menacingly.

Peters turned his back on him and went on with his work. In the meanwhile, Fred went over the mining papers and finished them about five o'clock, when he locked up and started for home. As he approached the elevator he saw Peters waiting for a car and Hickey approaching a few feet behind him. A car came up, let off a man and started on again, the elevator man slamming the sliding door.

For some reason the door failed to catch and rebounded halfway back. Peters was standing close to it, reading an afternoon paper. Hickey made a sudden jump forward and gave Peters a punch. The clerk staggered against the edge of the gate, which gave way still more under his weight and he fell into the shaft, but saved himself partly by catching a hold on the gate. Hickey raised his fist to strike him again. Had the blow been delivered, Peters would have gone to his death. The young man realized his peril and uttered a cry for help. It was still on his lips when Fred dashed up, smashed Hickey in the jaw, sending him to the floor, then he grabbed the imperilled clerk and drew him back to safety.

CHAPTER V.—Fred's Big Haul in R. & P.

Peters stood white and trembling, almost as weak as a cat over his narrow escape from death.

"Brace up, Peters," said Fred, as he closed the elevator gate. "You're all right now."

"You've saved my life, Grant," said Peters gratefully. "I never can thank you enough."

"Don't mention it. You're welcome," replied Fred.

"Heavens! I never had such a scare in my

A BOY BROKER'S DOLLARS

life. Where is that scoundrel that tried to do me?"

They looked for Hickey, but that cur had got on his feet and disappeared down the stairs, for he knew it wasn't healthy for him to remain.

"He's gone," said Fred. "I gave him one good thump, at any rate. You ought to have him arrested. I saw the whole thing, and I'll help you have him punished."

"I'll do it. Where shall I make the complaint?"

"I'll go with you to police headquarters if you wish."

"All right. Come along. It will take me a while to get over that shock."

"Yes, you look kind of white. I thought Hickey was a friend of yours?"

They went directly to a police station, where Peters told his story and Fred corroborated it.

"Go before a magistrate and swear out a warrant," he was told.

"Where will I find one?" he asked.

He was told where he might find one at that hour, and he and Fred went away. They located a magistrate, and Peters swore out the warrant. The paper was placed in the hands of an officer to execute. Fred and Peters then separated and went to their homes. Next morning the young broker told Joe what happened the previous afternoon.

"Great Scott! Do you mean to say that Hickey tried to knock Peters down the elevator shaft?" ejaculated Joe.

"He came within an ace of doing it. If I hadn't been on hand it would have been all up with Peters."

"Great mackerel! It would have been murder."

"Hickey seems capable of most anything."

"Was he arrested?"

"Not at that time. He may have been pulled in since, for there's a warrant out for him."

"I guess that settles him in Wall Street."

"Very likely. When Peters reports his conduct to their employer, I judge Hickey will get his walking papers from the office."

"I suppose you'll have to go to court over this affair."

"I expect to be called on to give my testimony."

At half-past twelve Peters came into Fred's office. The boy broker was out, so he told Joe to tell Fred that Hickey had not yet been arrested.

"He has probably left town to avoid the consequences he is up against," he said.

Joe delivered the message when Fred came in.

"If he crossed the river to New Jersey it will require extradition proceedings to fetch him back if he's caught there," said Fred.

The week passed and Hickey was still at liberty. Fred sold his A. & D. shares on Saturday at an advance of \$2 a share and made \$600 profit. That, with the \$500 in gold which had so mysteriously come into his possession, raised his working capital to \$7,100. The news had got around Wall Street that the head clerk of Old Daddy Dollars had gone into the brokerage business in the offices of his late employer, and the traders wondered why the boy, if he was in a position to go in business on his own account, had not continued the money brokerage with which he was familiar.

On the following Monday Fred heard that a

clique of operators called the Baker Syndicate were buying up R. & P. shares with the intention of cornering it. This syndicate had a raft of money behind it, and the clique could make a success of most anything in the speculative line. Fred spent a day or two making his investigations, and then satisfied that it was a safe risk he bought 500 shares of R. & P. He went into the deal on the usual margin, and paid 85 for it.

Fred had made a strong effort to unravel the mysterious appearance of the gold coins in his vault. He borrowed the stepladder and examined the ceiling of the vault closely, but there appeared to be no break in it where the gold could have been hidden. He had not expected to find any opening, for such a thing was not to be expected in the solid roof of a money vault. So the mystery remained as impenetrable as ever.

A broker on the same floor, named Foster, noticing Fred's sign, concluded to call on him and see if he could make anything out of the boy. He introduced himself, and after some general talk asked Fred if he was buying anything.

"No, I can't say I'm buying anything to-day," replied the boy.

"Well, I can put you in the way of a good thing."

"Good things are not very numerous in Wall Street, except among the insiders."

"You've heard of Iron Mountain, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"It's away down low at present—40. Anybody buying it at that price and holding on to it for a month will be able to make a profit of \$15 a share."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. I've loaded up with it myself, but as I've bitten off a little more than I can chew I'll sell you as many shares as you can pay for. Or I'll sell you an option on a thousand or more, say for fifteen days, on a five per cent. deposit of the current value, charging you an advance of two points for the accommodation. At the end of the two weeks if you can't pay cash for the stock I'll settle with you for any difference in your favor. How is that?"

"Your offer is very good if there was really a certainty of the price going higher, but—"

"I'll guarantee it will be six or eight points higher than the option figure," said Foster glibly.

Fred shook his head.

"I'd rather not chance it," he said. "The only stock I'd be willing to take a chance in on an option is R. & P."

"Why R. & P.?"

"Because I've heard it is likely to go up."

"You mustn't believe all you hear. R. & P. isn't at all likely to go up, while Iron Mountain is a sure winner."

"No? If you'd sell me a two weeks' option on R. & P. at a two-point advance on the market, I'd go you."

Foster considered a few moments. He was anxious to do something with the boy broker with a view to the future, so he finally said he would sell Fred 500 R. & P. for 87, on a two weeks' call and accept a deposit of five per cent. on the present market value, which was 85.

"Write it out," said the boy.

The deposit amounted to \$2,125, and took the balance of the boy's money, but as he had every

confidence in his tip, he was willing to risk his whole capital on his two deals. Foster didn't believe that R. & P. was likely to go up to any great extent, and he decided that he wouldn't cover his option until he saw it move. Fred put the option in his vault safe, and devoted his attention more or less every day to watching R. & P. Nothing of any importance happened to it for nearly a week, and then it jumped up a point. Foster hesitated whether he would buy the 500 shares or not.

Most any broker would have purchased the shares covered by the option at the time the option was made to be on the safe side, and make sure of the \$1,000 profit that was in the deal. Now that the price had gone up a point, Foster could only make a sure \$500. Feeling confident that there was really nothing in R. & P., and that it would go down again before the option expired, he still neglected to buy the shares.

Next day the price went to 87, which took away the rest of Foster's profit on his option. The broker now regretted that he had not bought the shares in the first place, still he believed that the price would fall back to the old level before the two weeks, in which he had engaged to deliver the stock at 87, expired. On the following day, however, R. & P. jumped two more points and that left Mr. Foster \$1,000 to the bad on his option. He tried to buy the stock and found there was none on the market. Matters began to look serious to him, and he was furious at the idea of a boy broker, whom he had expected to get the best of, putting it over him.

No one was to blame but himself if he lost money, for he had missed his chance to clear his regular profit. Every day R. & P. went up one or more points till it reached 95, when it jumped rapidly to 100. The option expired on the following day, and the chances were the stock would go several points higher. Foster now managed to buy the 500 shares at a loss of about \$7,000, not speaking of the \$1,000 he might have made. At two o'clock on the following day R. & P. registered at 105.

Fred ordered the 500 shares he had bought through a broker at 85 sold. He had a profit of \$10,000 in sight from that. Then he turned the option over to his broker and asked him to take it up and sell the shares at the market. The broker at once called on Foster and asked for 500 R. & P., at 87, presenting his certified check for the amount due, which was \$43,500, less the \$2,125 deposit Fred had put up on the option. Foster took the check and turned over the certificates, which the broker for the boy broker immediately sold at 105 3-8, giving Fred an additional profit of \$9,000. Thus the young broker's double deal in R. & P. netted him \$19,000, that very materially adding to his small working capital.

CHAPTER VI.—Refers Again to the Vault Mystery.

Fred collected his money from his broker and locked it up in his vault safe. He felt that things were going very well with him. Joe thought so, too, when Fred told him how much he had made out of the boom in R. & P.

"I guess I can afford to pay you your wages

whether you do much for me or not," said Fred. "If I continue to prosper, I shall raise your pay."

"Thanks," said Joe. "But it would seem like robbing you to take any more than \$6 a week for just minding your office and running a few errands."

"Don't you worry about robbing me. You are putting in your time, aren't you? It isn't your fault if I haven't enough to keep you busy. It is worth \$6 to me to have a reliable person like yourself in the office when I'm out. One of these days I hope to have enough desk work to keep you busy, and then you'll begin to earn a good salary. At any rate, if you stick by me, you won't regret it."

"Oh, I'll stick, all right. I'd sooner work for you than anybody else, even at less wages, for I know you'll do the right thing by me."

Here the door opened and a man entered with a large, framed engraving which Fred had purchased to adorn his mother's dining room.

"Sign for that, Joe, and take it into the vault out of the way. Stand it up near the door of the safe where it will be out of the way," said Fred.

Nothing more mysterious having happened in the vault, Joe had got over his dread of it. Fred had opened the outer door when he went in to put his money in the safe, and had left it open when he turned off the electric light. Joe lifted the picture, which was not heavy, and passed into the vault. He felt for the electric button and pressed it, but the bulbs in the ceiling did not flash up as usual.

"Say, Fred," he called out, "something is the matter with the electric light. It won't light."

"Maybe it's turned off in the building for some reason," replied Fred.

To ascertain whether it was or not, the boy broker turned the button of the bulb over his desk. It didn't flash, which showed that the electricity was off in the building.

"It won't light here, Joe, so it's turned off downstairs in the cellar," he said. "Just walk straight ahead and feel for the combination handle of the safe. Then place the picture to the right of it."

Joe followed instructions. As he placed the picture against the steel wall, a stream of small metal objects descended on his head and fell all over the floor with a jingling ring.

"Great mackerel!" yelled Joe, making a break for the door and dashing into Fred's presence.

The young broker had heard the racket and he did not need to ask Joe what had happened.

"Another shower of gold?" he asked.

"It was a shower of something, just like the first one, and I suppose it's gold. It gave me a horrible start, for I wasn't expecting such a thing."

Fred walked into the vault and struck a match. Flashing the light around on the floor, he saw a bunch of scattered \$10 pieces as before.

"Well, I'll be blessed if this doesn't beat the Dutch!" he muttered, picking up several and walking back to his desk, where he exhibited them to Joe.

"That's the second golden shower," he said. "It is certainly a most mysterious condition of things. It's funny that I have been in there a dozen times where you have been once, and nothing like that has happened to me. You have caught the shower

A BOY BROKER'S DOLLARS

each time. One would think the money was intended for you."

When Fred counted them there were just fifty, as before.

"The same number that fell on your head on the other occasion," said Fred.

The fact was certainly remarkable.

"If there isn't a spook in that vault you can call me a liar," said Joe.

"Nonsense! How could a spook, if such a thing has any existence, throw real money about? Take it from me, Joe, the mystery of the vault has nothing to do with the supernatural, but with some kind of a concealed mechanism."

CHAPTER VII.—The Trap That Failed to Work.

Fred had put his two deals through the office of a broker named Olcott, and that gentleman, considering \$19,000 at one swoop a big win for a boy, reported the young trader's success around. He also told that Fred had made half of the money off an option he had bought from Broker Foster. As Foster had the reputation of being a foxy individual, the brokers were quite tickled to learn that he had been squeezed by the boy broker. They argued that young Grant must be a wide-awake lad to pull the trick on such a slick man as Foster, who was regarded as hard to hoodwink. Some acquaintance of Foster's heard the story and told him about it. He said all the brokers were making fun of him because he had been nipped by a mere boy.

Foster declared that he had lost nothing through the option, but on the contrary had cleared \$1,000. He said he couldn't hinder the stock from rising the way it did, though he confessed he wouldn't have sold the option if he had dreamed it would rise. The news that he was being laughed at didn't make Foster feel any too good.

He was already sore on the boy broker because that lad had captured \$9,000 of his good money. Now that the story of the option deal had got out to his disadvantage he determined to try and get back at Fred, who he believed had boasted of his own success. Some days later he managed to convey a tip to Fred that Eclipse Copper was a fine stock to buy, as it had just been bought in by the copper syndicate and was bound to go up several dollars a share. Now, it happened that Eclipse Copper had of late been favorably spoken about in the papers. It was that fact which had put the idea into Foster's head for he knew from a reliable source that there was nothing in the proposition, and that the reason it was being boomed in a way was a scheme of the owners to unload their holdings and get out of a losing game.

Eclipse Copper had gone up from \$5 to \$5.75 within a week, but Foster was satisfied it would soon drop to next to nothing. After sending the tip to Fred, he sent a lady around to help on the good work. Joe was out when the lady, who looked like a well-to-do widow, called. She introduced herself as Mrs. West.

"I heard about you through a broker friend," said the lady, smiling sweetly on Fred, "and I thought, as I had a little business in your line to transact, that I would give you a call."

Fred bowed and said he was much obliged to her.

"Not at all," she answered. "You have the reputation in Wall Street of being very smart, and that of itself made me curious to see you."

"Well, what can I do for you, Mrs. West?"

"I have brought with me 1,000 shares of Eclipse Copper which I would like to sell at the market price. The papers say it is worth \$5.75."

"I believe that's the ruling price on the Curb, ma'am," nodded Fred.

"Will you buy it from me?" she said.

"I'll sell it for you on commission."

"But that will take a day or two, won't it?"

"I guess I could sell it for you this afternoon, and you could call to-morrow afternoon after three for your money."

"Oh, that wouldn't do at all. I'm going to Philadelphia this afternoon and I want to dispose of it before I go. I'll let you have it for \$5.50 if you will take it off my hands now. I heard that it was likely to go up a bit higher, and was advised to hold on to it, but it wouldn't be convenient for me to do so. I really must have the money right away."

Fred was tempted to close with her, for he believed the stock was going to advance almost immediately. A reduction of 25 cents a share amounted to \$250, and that was something of an inducement to him. While he hesitated over the matter, his telephone rang. He put the receiver to his ear and asked who was at the other end of the wire. He found it was Joe.

"What have you to say?" he asked.

"You know that tip on Eclipse Copper you told me you got?" said Joe.

"Yes."

"I've just found out that it's a fake."

"It is? How do you know?"

"Broker Foster, whom you bleached on the R. & P. option, sent it to you."

"He did?"

"Yes. I overheard him talking to a friend of his in a hallway about you. He said he sent you the tip to get you interested in it. Then he said he had sent a lady around to call on you to sell you 1,000 shares at the market. He expects you will bite at it and hold on to it until it drops, as it is likely to do at any moment. He said it won't be worth a dollar a share in a week. The owners of the mine are getting out of it as fast as they can, for the mine is a frost. Has the lady called yet?"

"Yes," replied Fred.

"Did you buy the stock from her?"

"No."

"Good! If you had you'd have been caught badly. I'll tell you all the particulars when I reach the office."

"All right. Good-by!"

Fred hung up the receiver and then turned to the widow.

"You want \$5.50 for your Eclipse shares, I believe?"

"Yes," she replied.

Fred made some aimless figures on a pad as a bluff, then pulled a paper out of a pigeon-hole and pretended to consult it.

"I'm afraid I won't be able to spare the money just now, ma'am. I've just got a tip over the wire about a certain stock, and I shall need all

my money. I am sorry, but really it wouldn't pay me to take up with your offer. If you can't wait to put a sale through you had better see some other broker who has the money to spare."

Mrs. West looked disappointed.

"Perhaps you'd buy it for \$5.25?" she hazarded.

"No, ma'am. I wouldn't want to take that advantage of you. That would be robbing you of \$500."

"Not at all. The accommodation would be worth \$500 to me."

Her words fully confirmed Joe's warning, in Fred's opinion, and he no longer had any doubts that a job had been put up on him. So he declined again to buy the stock under any consideration, and his visitor had to take her leave. After the door closed behind her, Fred peeped out and saw her go along the corridor toward Foster's office, which she entered. That was further evidence of the truth of Joe's statement. In a short time Joe came in and explained how it happened he had overheard Broker Foster talking about his little plot.

"The lady was in here when you telephoned," said Fred.

"Is that so?" said his assistant.

"Yes, and I believe I would have taken the stock if you had not warned me against it over the wire."

"It was lucky I got on to that game," said Joe. "You were able to block Foster's little scheme. He's down on you over that option affair and wants to get even. He said that Eclipse Copper would crumble like a house of cards in a day or two."

"That's the time I was almost taken in. A fellow can't be too sharp down here in Wall Street. He can't tell who is out for his scalp."

"That's right," nodded Joe.

"I wish I could get back at Foster for this trap he set for me."

"Set one for him."

"That's easier suggested than done. Osgood told me he's a hard man to fool."

"You fooled him on the option."

"Not at all. If he lost money through it, it was his own fault. He stood to win \$1,000 if he had bought the stock right away. It is the rule with brokers when they sell an option to cover it at once at the market price, when they are sure of making a profit. The only expense they have is the interest for the time on the money invested, and to this may be added the inconvenience of having the money tied up for ten or fifteen days. But this they can avoid by effecting a call loan on it."

"Why didn't Foster do that if he's so smart?"

"Don't ask me. I'm not a mind reader."

Fred went out soon afterward. Meeting Broker Olcott on the street he told him about Foster's attempt to trap him, but did not explain how he learned about it.

"That's very like him," said Olcott. "It's a good thing you didn't get in on Eclipse Copper. It's an open secret around the Street that the owners are trying to get out of the mine. You couldn't get a broker or a wide-awake speculator to touch the stock with a ten-foot pole."

"When Foster sees that the trap won't work he will probably think up something else," said Fred.

"I wouldn't be surprised. He's famous for dark

tricks. Keep your eyes wide open and then he won't be able to catch you."

"I should like to hand him a taste of his own medicine."

"You have already done that, haven't you?"

"You mean the option? No. He had no business to be caught on that. I didn't try anything on him. I simply bought the option on the strength of my tip. If that had gone wrong, I should have lost as much as I made in profits, probably."

"You caught him, anyway, though he put his foot in it himself, which is something unusual for him to do. You have got the credit of pinching him. If you could repeat the trick it would give you something of a reputation in the Street. Foster has victimized a good many people and it is only fair for him to get caught once in a while himself."

Olcott walked off and Fred went his own way.

CHAPTER VIII.—Fred Buys a Second Option from Foster.

Fred heard nothing more from the widow and no further attempt was made to unload Eclipse Copper on him. By this time he had investigated all the American mining shares that had come to him from Mr. Gridley, and not one of them was worth their salt. The Mexican mine was the only one that he had not yet inquired into except in a general way. The mining authorities he had consulted had no information about such a mine. As Mr. Gridley had owned the 5,000 shares for a matter of thirty years without making anything out of them, the chances were that the mine was as dead and forgotten as Cortez himself outside the pages of history. Fred, however, intended to write to Mexico some time about the mine.

When the company was in existence its offices were in the City of Chihuahua. Therefore, he meant to look up some mining authority in that place and communicate with him. About a week after the visit of Mrs. West, Fred learned that D. & L. shares were likely to experience a rise in the market. A combination of big interests was laying a plan that was expected to bring a boom about. What the actual plan was could not be guessed at. Those things were kept very secret.

Somebody on the inside, wise to what was on the tapis, had given the hint to a friend, and this friend had communicated it by letter to his brother-in-law, and that gentleman having lost the letter out of his pocket, it was found by Joe, who turned it over to Fred. Fred gave Olcott an order to buy 1,000 shares on margin for his account, and the broker got the stock at 102. The young broker met Trader Foster in the corridor that day and asked him if he wanted to sell another option. Foster glared at him before replying, and then asked him what stock he was after.

"D. & L.," replied Fred.

"Think it's going up, eh?"

"If I didn't think so, I wouldn't care to buy it."

"What are you offering for an option at ten days?"

"It's ruling at 102. I'll give 104 for the privi-

lege of calling on you for 1,000 shares any time within ten days."

"I want 105," said Foster.

Fred shook his head.

"I'm giving you a chance to cop \$2,000. What more do you want?" he said.

"Too much of a risk for the price. It might take a boom on to-morrow."

"What need you care if you buy the shares at 102 to cover your option?"

"It must be 105 or nothing."

"It will be nothing, then, as far as I am concerned," said Fred, and they separated.

Next day D. & L. dropped two points. Foster took note of the fact and was sorry he had not taken the boy up. About half-past three he dropped into Fred's office and offered to sell him 1,000 shares at a two-point advance. Fred said he was not so anxious to buy an option now as he was the previous day. One of his reasons was that the drop had induced him to buy 500 more shares of the stock on the regular margin, getting it at 100. Foster was now eager to make the deal, and offered to sell him the option at one and three-quarters advance.

"On five per cent. of the current value?" asked Fred.

"Yes."

"I'll take 500 shares."

"I thought you wanted 1,000?"

"I did yesterday, but 500 is good enough today."

"Got cold feet?" grinned Foster.

"No, my feet are never cold at this season of the year."

"Well, I'll let you have 500. Current value at 100 is \$50,000. Five per cent. of that is \$2,500."

"Correct," said Fred, and the deal was made.

Foster took care to buy the stock this time. During the next two days it dropped three more points, and Foster regretted he had not waited. However, he consoled himself with the reflection that the boy broker was going to come out of the small end of the horn this time.

"I wish I could have sold him the 1,000 thought the trader. "What a fool I was not to take his first proposition up at 104."

For two days more there was nothing doing in D. & L., and then it recovered a point. On the seventh day of the option the price was up to 102 again. Fred met Foster nearly every day.

"What will you give me to call the option off?" Fred asked him, when the price stood at 102 1-8.

"Not a cent," returned Foster.

"It will be higher to-morrow."

"Maybe it will."

"The option has three days yet to run, and it may go up to 110. Be a sport and make me an offer."

"Nothing doing," grinned Foster, who was certain of making \$800 anyway, and he thought the chances looked good for capturing Fred's \$2,500 deposit, too.

"All right," said the boy broker. "You are missing a good thing."

"If you think I am why are you asking me to make an offer?"

"Because I knew you wouldn't. Good-by!"

On the eighth day D. & L. jumped to 105. Foster figured that he was losing his grip on the deposit. On the ninth day the stock went up

five points to 110. Next day it went to 112 and a fraction. Fred ordered his 1,500 shares sold by Olcott. He counted on a profit of \$16,000. On the strength of the \$31,000, Fred borrowed a check for \$48,375, had it certified, and taking it to Foster's office called for the delivery of the 500 shares.

"I told you you were missing a good thing, Mr. Foster. Those 500 shares are now worth \$56,000. I'll make about \$5,000 on them. Here's your money," and Fred offered him the check.

He got the shares and took them around to Olcott.

"Here's the result of my second option deal with Mr. Foster. Sell them right away, please."

The broker took the certificates and placed them in his safe, then he went over to the Exchange and sold 500 D. & L. at 112 3-8. When the final settlement took place, Fred found himself \$21,000 richer. He made Joe a present of \$1,000 in consideration of giving him the tip he had found on the street, and Joe felt as happy as a bird over the money. Fred was now worth \$46,000, and he began thinking of giving more attention to the regular brokerage business than he had been doing. He put an advertisement in two of the financial papers, which stated that he bought and sold stocks and bonds on commission. When Foster saw the advertisement he sneered at it.

"What does that boy know about the brokerage business?" he said. "Not as much as my little finger."

The remark was made in Olcott's hearing, and he reported it to Fred when next he met him.

"I wonder how much Foster's little finger knows about business?" he laughed.

"Has he made any further attempts to trap you?" asked Olcott.

"Not that I've heard of."

"Don't relax your watchfulness, for he's a foxy old chap. You can't tell when he may try to put it over you again."

CHAPTER IX.—Another Mysterious Fall of Gold.

"Say, Grant, got any money lying around loose?" asked Broker Foster, coming into the boy trader's office next morning.

"I never let my money lie around loose. "It might prove too great a temptation to my visitors."

"Oh, you know what I mean," said Foster, impatiently.

"You mean have I any money that's not working at present?"

"That's about the size of it. If you've got \$50,000 or so on hand I can put you next to a good thing."

"Here is a new trap that is being laid for me," was Fred's thought. "What's the good thing?" he asked, aloud.

"Well, several friends and myself have got the tip that a certain stock is going to be boomed by a syndicate which is now cornering the shares. We are forming a pool with a capital of half a million to take advantage of the chance to make a rich haul. There are nine of us who have put

up \$50,000 apiece. We need one more to complete the pool. I thought of you, so I came around to invite you to come in."

"What's the stock?" asked Fred.

"Oh, come now, you couldn't expect me to let that out to you until you have actually joined us."

"Who's going to manage this pool?"

"That hasn't been decided upon yet. It will be fixed at the meeting we will hold to-morrow afternoon. The stock in question is ruling low, and will surely advance fifteen or twenty points."

"That's a good deal."

"The syndicate has a raft of money to push it. We will buy on margin, which will let us in on 50,000. We stand to double our money."

"But if the syndicate is cornering it, how do you expect to get hold of 50,000 shares?"

"Oh, we know where we can get that number," said Foster, confidently.

"The syndicate is bound to know that somebody has possession of that number of shares, and the first thing it will do will be to force the price way down to shake the stock out. If you gentlemen put up all the money on margin you stand to lose it before the boom begins at all."

Fred's reasoning, which was quite sensible, clearly annoyed Foster, who had not looked for that line of argument.

"Don't you worry about our getting caught. We are too old birds to run the risk of getting our wings clipped," he said.

"But if you invest all the capital of the pool in the stock how are you going to protect yourself if the price drops ten points?"

"One of our members is a banker, and he'll advance all the money we may need."

"On what security?"

"Say, Grant, you ask a lot of questions that really amount to nothing."

"I think my questions are reasonable ones. You state certain facts, and I see where those facts can easily go astray under circumstances that my experience tells me are likely to happen. I may be young, both in years and Wall Street affairs, but I know a few things, nevertheless. I'm not a fool altogether. You can't tell me that you can go the whole hog into such a game, where a powerful syndicate holds most of the trumps and get away with the trick. When a combination of men start to corner a stock, which is one of the riskiest games in Wall Street, the man at the head of the enterprise doesn't go it blind. Like the general of an army preparing to give battle to the foe, he has his plans all outlined before him. He knows pretty near how many shares are on the market, and he aims to gather in the biggest part of them. If he finds there are fifty or more thousand being held out by unknown parties he naturally sees the danger those shares are to the combine. They are sure to be let out on the syndicate when the price is boomed and must be taken in at a high figure or the boom will go to pieces. Take it from me, Mr. Foster, a syndicate is not going to take those chances. It would make too big a hole in its ultimate profits. Besides, the combine is not going to make a goat of itself for the benefit of outsiders."

"You seem to know it all, young man," sneered Foster.

"No, sir, I don't claim to know it all, or even

a whole lot, but the facts I have stated are the mere A B C of the matter. If you said that your pool proposed to buy 25,000 shares, keeping half of its capital to meet a call for additional margin, I would have a better idea of your proposition."

"Look here, Grant, your argument is all right in its way, but you must allow that I and my friends are old birds in the business and we know what we are about."

"You ought to know your business, but some of the cleverest men in Wall Street have been caught when they least expected it."

"We are only wasting time in this argument. Will you go in with us?"

"I am much obliged to you for the invitation, but I'd rather not."

"I'll guarantee you will more than double your money."

"Don't talk that way. You know that you, nor anybody else, can't guarantee anything connected with the operation of the market. Even the insiders that are playing the game are liable to meet with an unexpected snag."

"Then you turn down my offer?"

"It is a blind pool, and I don't care to go into such things."

Foster then left Fred's office. In order to find out if Foster and his alleged crowd were really going into a stock operation, Fred had a talk with Joe and sent him out to see what he could learn on the subject. Joe began business by shadowing Foster, and in a couple of days discovered that he and another broker he appeared to have close relations with, were buying L. & G. They were taking it in steadily and touching nothing else. Joe so reported to Fred. The boy broker then got on the job himself and confirmed the information. Apparently something was doing in that stock. Fred called on Olcott and bought 2,000 shares on margin, at 78. Then he waited to see what would happen. In two days the price advanced to 80. He decided to buy another 1,000 shares. He entered the vault and opened the safe to get the money. While standing with his head inside the safe, Joe appeared.

"There's a man outside who wants to see you, Fred," he said.

"I'll be right out. Pick up that bill, please."

Joe saw a \$50 bill on the floor close to the wall of the vault and, stepping forward, stooped to pick it up. Before he could rise the third shower of gold pieces fell upon his neck and shoulder and ran rolling over the steel floor with a merry jingle.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" cried Joe, who by this time was somewhat accustomed to the mysterious phenomena, and had ceased to associate it with the ghost of old Daddy Dollars.

Fred looked out, with an amused grin.

"Another golden cascade," he said. "I wonder how long this sort of thing will keep up. I wouldn't mind if it happened oftener. Pick the golden boys up and see if there are fifty of them as before."

There were just fifty.

"Five hundred dollars once more. This is finding money without any exertion. It's better to be born lucky than rich."

Fred added the gold pieces to his other two windfalls, and then went out to see his visitor,

after which he went out and bought 1,000 more shares of L. & G.

CHAPTER X.—Fred's Latest Deal With Foster.

L. & G. fluctuated for several days, sometimes closing higher and sometimes lower than 80, then it went to 83. Fred concluded to risk the purchase of another 1,000 shares, which he bought at the foregoing figure. About this time Fred had another visit from Foster.

"I called to say I can give you another chance to get in with us, Grant," he said.

"Didn't you pick up your tenth man?" asked the boy broker.

"Oh, yes, that very day, but we are enlarging the scope of our operations and are taking in two or three more."

"Well, I can't avail myself of your offer, anyway, as my funds are all tied up."

"In what?"

"A stock that appears to be doing pretty well."

"You might give it a name. There are several that are doing well on the present buoyant market."

"I make it a point never to talk about my business to any one."

"You threw away a good chance the other day."

"I can't help that. I gave you my reasons for refusing to go in with you."

"The trouble with you, Grant, is that you're over-cautious."

"It's better to be too cautious than not cautious enough."

"The fact is, you're afraid of risking your money unless you think you have a dead sure thing," said Foster, in a jeering tone.

"That's right. I'm afraid to take a risk when I have to turn my money over to another person to handle for me."

"If you are always going to depend on your own judgment you'll never make a success in Wall Street. It's the combinations of capital that make the big money. Maybe you'll learn that some day."

"Probably," returned Fred.

Foster, finding he could do nothing with the boy, went away. That day L. & G. closed at 84. On the following day it went to 86, and a great deal of business was done in it. It kept on up to 90 next day, and an army of speculators flooded the Street, buying it, and other stocks that were going up, too, but not so rapidly. The greatest interest centered around L. & G., and an effort was made by the bears to break the price. Fred was in the gallery at the time, and for a while it looked to him that things would end in a slump, and he ran over to Olcott's office to see him about it. That broker was not in, but at the Exchange. While Fred was in his office the market became steady again and the upward trend of prices was resumed.

"I guess the danger is over," thought the boy, and he reconsidered the idea of selling out.

On the following day it reached 93 3-8 while he was in Olcott's office. That gentleman came in at that moment and, seeing him, called him into his private room.

"I've just got it from good authority that a

big bear combine is about to jump on L. & G., so I advise you to get out at once," he said.

"All right, Mr. Olcott. I'll sign an order for you to sell at the market," said Fred, promptly.

The broker wrote out the order, Fred signed it, and Olcott took it over to the Exchange with a bunch of other orders. He sold the boy's stock in lots to suit purchasers and finally got rid of all of it at top figures. Shortly afterward the bear clique started in, and so heavy was their assault that L. & G. crumbled before them and a small panic took place. Foster and his associates were badly caught, and only saved themselves from going to the wall by superhuman exertions. As it was, they lost nearly all of their investment in the deal, and were glad to escape at that. Fred cleared \$53,000 on his combined deals in L. & G., making him worth an even \$100,000. A day or two afterward Fred met Foster on the street. He looked kind of grouchy, but the boy couldn't resist the temptation of asking him how his combine had come out.

"What do you want to know for? You're not interested," said the broker, shortly.

"I just thought I'd ask you. I didn't do so bad myself, for I was lucky enough to sell out before the crash came."

"What stock were you in on?"

"L. & G., and made over \$50,000 out of it."

Foster uttered an exclamation, and glared savagely at Fred.

"How came you to buy into that?"

"I saw it was going up, and I bought at 78, 80 and 83. I sold at 93."

Foster looked pretty sick and hastily walked off.

"I'll bet I made him feel sore," chuckled the boy broker, looking after him. "It was gall and wormwood to him to learn that I actually made a profit out of the very stock the combine was operating in. Those gents must have lost a little pile on the slump, for it isn't likely they were able to get out easily when things began to look squalid. That's the time buyers took to cover and sellers predominated."

Fred learned the name of a responsible mining firm in Chihuahua and he wrote them a letter asking about the Las Vegas mine. In two weeks he got a reply, and learned the following facts: The Las Vegas was an old mine which had been originally worked by the Indians one hundred and more years ago. It came into the hands of a Mexican Grandee, who worked it for many years to great advantage, and it descended to his heirs, who also made a good thing out of it. A company was finally organized to take it over, and the company did fairly well for some time, but gradually the ore petered out until it no longer became a profitable venture, and it was abandoned. That happened thirty-five years ago, and the company had been out of existence during that time. As the case stood now the property had lapsed into Governmental control, and stood simply as a worthless asset. Nobody wanted it, or was likely to. The stock Fred had was absolutely worthless.

"That settles the Mexican shares," thought the boy. As I placed no hopes on them I am not greatly disappointed. The answer was about what I expected."

The days of Spring were now well on. Foster

had recovered from his grouch over his losses, and had got back his money by catching a brother broker in a trap and squeezing about \$60,000 out of his bank account. There was nothing remarkable in this, for Foster was notorious for such games, and most brokers kept shy of him on that account. One day he met Fred on the street.

"Well, what are you doing, Grant?" he said.

"Attending to my business as hard as I can," answered the boy.

"That's a good thing to do, but you haven't got much business to attend to."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I judge so, as I never see anybody going into your office."

"They come in when you aren't looking."

"Very likely," said Foster, with a skeptical grin.

"What are you doing?"

"Pushing a good thing I've got on the hooks."

"What's the name of this good thing, if it's a fair question?"

"F. & S. I suppose you've noticed it's going up?"

"Yes, but it doesn't look as if it was going to stay up long enough for a chap to make anything. Had I got in on it while it was at its lowest point I might have made a few thousands out of it, but I don't care to risk it now."

Foster laughed.

"I told you that you were too cautious."

"If I am I can't help it, but I haven't suffered a whole lot from it."

Shortly after Fred got back to his office Peters, the clerk, came in to see him. He often dropped in and always treated Fred with the utmost respect. He felt that he owed his life to the boy, and he was grateful. On this occasion he told Fred that he had a tip for him on which he could thoroughly rely.

"What is it?" asked Fred.

"If you want to make money, sell F. & S. short."

"It's going to slump, then?"

"Nothing surer, and inside of twenty-four hours."

"I met a broker to-day who thinks it's going higher."

"If he's a friend of yours, warn him to sell out at once."

"He isn't a friend. Quite the reverse."

"Then let him hoe his own row."

Peters told Fred how he got hold of the tip. A bear combine was at the back of F. & S. It had made a bluff at booming the stock, and sent it up eight points. The combine was holding it at that figure while its brokers were making short sales. As soon as the combine had sold enough the underpinning would be pulled from F. & S. and it would collapse, like a soap bubble. Fred decided to avail himself of the tip and he thanked Peters for putting him wise on the subject. As he started for Olcott's office he met Foster in the corridor.

"What do you think of F. & S. now?" asked the broker, in a tone of satisfaction.

"I haven't changed my opinion."

"I'll bet you \$100 it will go up at least two points to-morrow."

"I don't care to bet."

"I thought so," chuckled Foster. "Your confidence in your opinion can't be much if you aren't willing to back it for \$100."

"Is that so? Well, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. F. & S. is going at 75 now. I'll agree to sell you 2,000 shares at 75 the day after to-morrow."

"You will? Can you make good if you lose on the transaction?"

"If you don't think I can don't take me up."

"Put up \$50,000 as a guarantee of good faith in some broker's hands, subject to my order if the deals turns against you, and I'll go you," said Foster.

"But I'll want the money to buy the stock to deliver to you."

"Get some broker to guarantee your responsibility, then."

"Will Mr. Olcott do?"

"As well as anybody."

"All right. Come over to his office with me."

Foster went with him. The proposition was stated to Olcott.

"I'll guarantee he has money enough to put the deal through, Mr. Foster."

"I'm satisfied. I'll take you up, Grant. You engage to deliver 2,000 shares of F. & S. to-morrow afternoon at three at 75?"

"Yes. And you engage to take the shares at that price?"

"Of course. I'll have to."

They exchanged memorandums in Olcott's presence, and Foster went away feeling he had something on the boy broker at last.

CHAPTER XI.—The Man From Mexico.

"Say, Grant," said Olcott, "I hope you understand what you're up against?"

"Perfectly," replied Fred, with a confident smile.

"I'm glad to hear it. I didn't like to see you make a deal with such a man, particularly such a risky one."

"One can't make money without taking a risk."

"Not in speculation, I'll admit."

"What do you regard as particularly risky about my deal with Foster?"

"Agreeing to sell him a rising stock in twenty-four hours' time, and at the present market price at that."

"I suppose you think I was a fool?"

"I wouldn't like to apply such a term to you, but as you are not one to wilfully throw your money away, it strikes me you must be acting on some inside information."

"That's exactly what I'm acting on."

"Then you have good reason to believe that F. & S. is going to slump?"

"Yes, and if you want to make some money yourself just sell a few shares short. You'll be able to deliver them to-morrow at three at a good profit to yourself."

"I thank you for the tip, and I have confidence enough in you to act on it. I will sell 1,000 at the present market."

"You might do better in the morning. Probably I ought to have held off till then and I'd stand to make more, but I made the offer to Foster on the spur of the moment and didn't want to pull out when he took me up."

"I guess you're right. I'll wait till the morning."

"Don't wait too long because you might see it going up. The slump will come on unexpectedly and things go down with a crash. Foster will be a badly fooled man. I will give you the order to buy me those 2,000 when the time arrives."

"Have you got \$150,000 to pay for them?"

"No, but I guess you'll lend me \$50,000 for a few hours."

"Sure I will. I'd do it if only to see you get the better of Foster. As it is, I owe you that favor for the tip."

"All right, Mr. Olcott, I'll appreciate the favor," said Fred, getting up.

"Don't mention it. I'm always ready to give you a lift when I can."

The boy broker then took his leave. Olcott was at the Exchange at ten, watching F. & S. It went up to 76 3-8. Olcott sold 1,000 shares short at that price. Foster came up to him with a grin on his face.

"Somebody we both know is going to get hurt in the pocket-book to-day," he said.

"I think so myself," answered Olcott.

He knew to whom Foster referred, but he himself meant Foster.

"F. & S. will go to 80 before the Exchange closes," said Foster. "I'll make \$10,000 out of Grant. He ought to be nipped."

"Why so?"

"Because he thinks he knows it all."

"He knows enough to look out for himself."

"I doubt it. I could hardly believe my ears when he offered to sell me 2,000 shares this afternoon at three for yesterday's closing figure. It seemed to good to be true."

"You didn't lose any time in taking him up."

"I should say not."

"Doesn't it seem a shame to take advantage of a boy?"

"Pooh! He can stand it. He's made money out of me twice. I'm only getting back at him."

"I wish you luck, but a good many things might happen to disappoint you between this and three o'clock."

"I'll chance that," said Foster, rubbing his hands together.

The words were hardly out of his mouth before a block of 5,000 shares of F. & S. were thrown on the market. It acted like a shock and nobody offered to take them at the offer of 76.

"Any part of 5,000 at 75 7-8," sang out the same voice. "Three-quarters—five-eights—one-half."

The bulls recovered and one of them rushed to the rescue.

"I'll take 1,000," he said.

The other four thousand were snapped up by other bulls and the price recovered to 75 3-4. Then any part of another 5,000 shares was offered at 75 1-2, rapidly dropping to 75. The stock was taken in by different brokers and the panicky feeling was stayed again. But the bear broker kept up his offer of more stock, and he soon had the price down to 74. When the stock was taken around that he returned again with another block.

Outsiders, taking alarm, began rushing in selling orders, and these being offered in conjunction with the bears the Exchange was soon a scene of

wild uproar, in the midst of which the bulls lost their grip and F. & S. tumbled to 69 in no time. The bears now pressed their advantage hard and the stock fell to 65, and so on down to 60.

Foster was a wild man. He wasn't thinking about the 2,000 shares he would have to take at three o'clock at 75, but of the 10,000 he had bought at 68 and expected to make \$150,000 on. He might have sold at different times and made a profit of from \$40,000 down, but he held on, hoping the bulls would win out. Now, with the price at 60, where it had come to a stop, he was \$80,000 out. The bears began cautiously covering their sales at the low price, and the stock began to recover a little. At two o'clock it was up to 62. While it stood at 60, Fred sent in his buying order to Olcott and the broker bought the stock and an additional thousand for himself. At three o'clock F. & S. closed weak at 63-5-8. Then Fred called on Foster and said he was ready to deliver the shares.

"I don't want them," said the broker. "I'll settle with you for the difference."

Fred was only too willing to oblige him, for by retaining the shares he could sell them at an advance of four points on what he paid for them if the price held in the morning. Foster was playing into his hands to the tune of \$8,000 more without realizing it, for he was rattled over his losses and his discomfiture at the thought that the boy broker had got the best of him. He gave Fred his check for about \$21,000, and the boy went to his office. Next morning the bears let the stock alone and it rose to 67, at which price Olcott sold Fred's 2,000 shares, and he made \$14,000 more. When he got his money he called on Peters, told him he had made \$35,000 off his tip, and handed him \$3,500 as a ten per cent. acknowledgement.

"I don't want anything from you," said Peters. "You saved my life, and I'm glad to put a good thing in your way."

"Nonsense!" said Fred. "You're not wealthy. You told me you bought a small house for yourself and your family and gave a mortgage on it. This \$3,500 will enable you to take it up when the time expires, and leave you a balance. Take it. I can easily afford to give it to you."

So Peters took it with many thanks, declaring that Fred was the finest boy in the world. It was about the middle of June that a seedy-looking man came into the boy's office and struck him for a quarter for a meal.

"Hard up, are you?" said Fred, drawing a quarter from his pocket and offering it to him.

"I should say so, pard, and yet I hold a secret that's worth a million dollars or more."

"You do!" smiled the boy. "I'm afraid it's a pipe-dream if you can realize something on it."

"Nobody will listen to me. I'm a prospector and have just come from Mexico, where I've been squintin' around the old played-out claims in the Sierra Madre range. There was nothin' doin' until I struck the old—"

He stopped and stared, open-mouthed, at the framed certificate for 100 shares of the Las Vegas Gold and Silver Mining Co. (defunct), which Fred had hung over his desk as an ornament.

"What's the matter?" asked the boy broker.

"Where did you get that?" he asked, pointing at the certificate.

"Oh, I've got a whole bunch of them. They're no good. The company went up with the mine, thirty-five years ago."

"Right, pard, it did, but you must be interested in it to have it hangin' there."

"Only as a curiosity—a relic of what once was. I couldn't raise a nickel on all the shares I've got. The old gentleman who once occupied these rooms before he died six months ago or so paid good American money for those certificates, but he couldn't have made a worse investment."

The seedy man looked at Fred, reflectively.

"Say, pard, my pipe-dream, as you called it, is connected with that mine."

"How so?"

"Do you want to make a fortune?"

"I'm making one right here in Wall Street."

"Do you want to add to it—become a financial mogul?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Can I depend on you doing the right thing by me if I tell you something?"

"What have you to tell?"

"Will you give me a square deal?"

"I always give everybody a square deal. You asked for a quarter and I gave it to you. That's treating you white, isn't it?"

"It surely is, pard, and I'm obliged to you. You're a real gent. Let me tell you my secret. I'll trust you. I've tried to tell it to other brokers, but they either laughed at me or said I was crazy."

"Go ahead. I'll listen to what you have to say, but I won't promise to believe your story."

"All right, pard. Let it go at that. I told you I was a prospector, and that I just came from the Sierra Madre range in Mexico. I went over a lot of the abandoned mines and among the rest, Las Vegas. It was surely on the fritz from all indications, and I was goin' to shake it when, as luck would have it, I fell in a hole, and that there hole proved to be the continuation of the petered out lode for which the mine was famous. Yes, pard, that mine has millions in it still, and I'm the only man that knows it. Here's evidence of it, the last piece of ore, almost pure silver which I've hung on to prove my yarn, though I might have got many meals out of it when I was hungry, as I am now," and the prospector fished a good-sized sample of very rich silver ore out of his pocket and laid it on Fred's desk.

CHAPTER XII.—What Singleton Did.

Fred picked up the sample and looked at it. The silver fairly bristled all over it. It was the richest ore specimen by far that the boy had ever seen. He looked hard at his visitor.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Jack Hawley."

"And you found this in Las Vegas mine, in the Sierra Madre range?"

"I did, pard. I brought away a bunch of them samples, but that there is the only one I've got left."

"It's hard to believe that a mine abandoned these thirty-five years should produce anything like that."

"That's right, pard, but it's the truth."

"You consider this good evidence of the truth of your story?"

"It's all I have to offer, for I reckon my word don't count for much."

"That mine now belongs to the government."

"Anybody can buy it for a song."

"A song?"

"Well, if you grease the palms of a few big officials in Chihuahua you could get a clear title to the property."

"If I paid your way to Sierra Madre, and went with you, could you point out the hole you got that ore out of?"

"Sure as you live, pard. All I'd ask is a quarter share in the property. The rest you could have for puttin' up the purchase money."

"Go and eat and then come back here at four o'clock. We'll talk it over."

"All right, pard. I'll be on hand. You won't regret it if you get in on the mine, for I'll guarantee it's a real mint, and I reckon I've had experience enough to know somethin' about it."

When Joe came in from an errand he had been out on, Fred told him about the visit of the seedy prospector, and what he had said about the Las Vegas mine.

"Sounds like a ghost-story, doesn't it?" said Joe.

"I admit that it has a fishy ring. The ore specimen proves nothing. He might have brought that from some rich mine out West. Still, I don't see his object in trying to deceive me. He hasn't offered to sell me his story, and he's willing to go with me to the mine and point out the lode from which the sample came from."

"It might be salted. Maybe the Mexican government has hired him to interest Americans with money to buy up all the worthless claims in the Sierra Madre."

"I never heard of such a scheme having been worked before."

"There's a first time to everything."

"That's true enough."

"What brought the fellow to Mexico, anyway?"

"He's a prospector, and I suppose he went there to see what he could find in the way of a silver claim. He must have found all the likely places taken up by others, and all that was left to him were the old abandoned mines that nobody wanted."

"He said he found the silver lode by accident?"

"Yes, he fell in a hole and discovered it."

"Any one could say that. How did he get out of the hole?"

"He didn't explain."

"Ask him when he comes back."

"If he were employed by the Mexican government, or even the authorities of Chihuahua he wouldn't be hard up."

"How do you know he's really hard up? It may be part of his plan to so represent himself. It might be a good idea to have him shadowed if you think of taking up with his scheme."

"You'd better stay around here and get a good look at him, then go downstairs and wait till he goes away and follow him."

"I'll do it," said Joe.

"Well, I'm going to lunch. I'll be back in the course of an hour."

Fred put on his hat and went out. Three-quarters of an hour passed away and Joe, having nothing to do, got tired of sitting down and went to the window and looked out on Wall Street. There was a bank across the street. An express wagon was drawn up in front of it and two clerks were bringing in bags of money. It was apparently gold coin, from the size of the bags, and the sight put Joe in mind of the three golden showers had been subjected to in the money vault.

"I guess I'll go in and see if I can find that spring," he thought, "for I see Fred has left the door of the vault open. It's a wonder he did that for he's got considerable over \$100,000 of his own money in the safe. However, it's secure enough in the safe, I guess. A thief is not likely to come here in the daytime. Even if one did he'd have to get away with me before he could get into the vault, and it would take time and tools to get the safe door open."

He walked into the vault and after turning on the electric light began to hunt for the concealed spring that operated the hidden device in the veiling which let the fifty \$10 gold-pieces drop, according to Fred's deduction. While he was thus engaged Singleton entered the outer office. Seeing no one there he walked into Fred's private room. Finding that vacant, too, and the door of the money vault wide open, he looked in that place. He saw Joe on his hands and knees near the door of the safe, with his back toward him. Looking at the safe door, it struck him that it was not closed tight. He hurried back to the outer door and turned the key in it and then returned. He wondered what Joe was searching for. Whatever it was it did not interest him.

On a nearby chair lay a coiled length of new thin rope which Fred had bought to take home. Singleton picked it up and then, entering the vault, dashed upon Joe and pinned him to the floor. The boy uttered a yell and put up a struggle. Singleton hit him behind the ear, dazing him for the moment. Pulling out his handkerchief he gagged Joe with it, and then proceeded to tie him with the rope. About this time Fred returned. He was surprised to find the door locked, and still more astonished to see that the key was inside.

"I wonder what that means?" he asked himself. "Joe wouldn't do that. There must be something wrong."

The private room had a door that opened on the corridor, too. Fred carried the key of it in his pocket. He had used the door only occasionally, as Joe was nearly always in the office when he came in the morning. Walking to the private-room door the boy broker let himself in. There was no one in the room, but his sharp ears heard sounds in the money vault. Going to the door he looked in, and was astonished to see what was going on in there. He did not recognize Singleton, whose back was to him. The young man was bending over Joe, completing his work of securing him. Fred picked up a stout stick that stood beside his desk.

"What are you up to, you rascal?" cried Fred, rushing into the vault with uplifted stick.

As the surprised man turned the boy broker struck at him. At that moment a trap above opened and a shower of gold fell.

CHAPTER XIII.—Las Vegas Mine.

Singleton sprang up and faced Fred.

"What! Is it you?" exclaimed the boy in astonishment.

"What of it?" said Singleton, in sulky defiance. "Where did all this gold come from?" he asked, as his eyes lighted on the \$10 coins scattered about on the floor.

"You needn't worry about where they came from," answered Fred. "What you want to do now is to explain the meaning of your presence here, and why you were binding my assistant. It looks to me as if you were up to some crooked game."

"I was just playing a joke on him, that's all."

"An odd kind of a joke. Take that gag from his mouth and then remove the rope at once."

Singleton reluctantly obeyed.

"What's the trouble, Joe?" Fred asked him.

"I was in here looking for that hidden spring when Singleton came on me unaware from behind and threw me down. Then he hit me under the ear, gagged me and started to tie me up. That's all I know about the matter. I guess he intended to go through the office and see what he could steal."

"You're a liar!" snarled Singleton. "I only jumped on you to frighten you—make you think that I was a crook who was going to rob the office. I intended to release you as soon as I had had my fun out of you."

"Your explanation doesn't ring true, Singleton," said Fred. "However, I'll take your word for it. What brought you to the office, anyway?"

"I came to see you."

"Well, you see me."

"I want to know where these gold-pieces came from. They fell on my back when you came in here. I judge they're part of my uncle's missing money. If so, they belong to me."

"I guess not. You've got all that's coming to you—the money that was in the safe at the time of your uncle's death. Everything else belongs to me. You heard the will read and understand its terms as well as I do."

"I want to know where that money came from," he persisted, watching Joe pick it up.

"You know as much about it as I do," said Fred.

"I see you don't want to tell me."

"I have told you that I don't know, and if I did know I wouldn't tell you, for it's none of your business."

"All right. I'll find out if it's my business or not," said Singleton.

"Don't get too independent, or Joe might have you arrested for assault. He could easily make out a case against you. Besides, you have no right to be in my money vault. The whole thing looks bad against you."

"You might tell me something about that money," said Singleton, more mildly.

"I couldn't tell you any more than you have seen."

"You don't seem to be surprised at it."

"That's because it has happened before."

"Oh, it has?" said Singleton in a tone of interest. "How much money has come into your possession that way?"

"I decline to satisfy your curiosity, though I will say that the amount was not large."

Singleton, finding he could learn nothing definite from Fred, started for the door of the vault. The boys let him go. It was a good thing that Fred followed him with his eyes, for no sooner was he outside than he seized the heavy door and started to close it on the boys. Had he succeeded in his contemplated design they probably would never have left the place alive. With an exclamation, Fred dashed forward and thrust out the stick he carried. The door came against it and stopped.

"Joe! Joe!" called Fred, excitedly. "Come here and help me push that door open."

Joe dropped the gold-pieces and rushed over. Singleton, seeing he had been frustrated, dashed into the outer room, unlocked the door and fled from the building. The boys easily pushed the door open.

"That must be a lesson to us, Joe, never to be in here together without seeing that the outer doors are locked. This stick alone saved our lives on this occasion. I never thought Singleton was such a rascal."

"You might have suspected he was, after the way he handled me," said Joe. "It was no joke he was playing on me. He had some sinister object in view."

"I am satisfied he had. Well, pick up that money and put it on my desk."

At four o'clock sharp Jack Hawley, the seedy prospector, appeared and Fred had a long talk with him. Before it was half over he was satisfied the man was all right, and not trying to mislead him about the mine. Joe got tired waiting downstairs and came up. Fred told him he needn't wait any longer, so he went home. The boy broker and he prospector finished their pow-wow about six, when he was definitely decided that they were to visit Mexico together at once. It was a pretty good time for Fred to get away, as business was slackening up for the summer. Besides, it was a Presidential year, and that affected business in Wall Street.

Speculation, since the F. & S. slump, had been at low ebb and was likely to continue so until the issues of the coming Presidential campaign were fully shaped. Movements of securities remained in narrow limits and were unimportant. On the whole, Fred was pleased at the idea of making the trip. He would have liked to have taken Joe with him, but it was necessary that somebody should remain in charge of the office. Before parting with Hawley, Fred gave him enough money to purchase new clothes for himself and \$5 to pay current expenses. Next morning he told his plans to Joe.

"You will remain in charge of the office till I get back," he said. "I don't know how long I'll be away, but I'll pay you four weeks' wages in advance anyway. If the mine pans out you will have a new position at more than double your present salary, with the best prospects for the future. I have an idea that you made no mistake in going to work for me."

"You'll shut up the vault, of course. You have a lot of money in it," said Joe.

"Of course. If Singleton should have the nerve to show up, just bounce him."

"You bet I will."

The next time Hawley appeared he looked very respectable in his new suit. Fred introduced him to Joe. The prospector told the boys a good deal about his experiences in Mexico, and about that part of the State of Chihuahua, which embraces the northern section of the Sierra Madre range of mountains. Fred's mother and sisters did not like the idea of his going away on such a trip, but he said it was connected with business of great importance, which might add largely to his finances.

It took about a week for Fred to make his preparations, then he and the prospector started for the land of sunshine and flowers, though there were not many flowers in the particular region they were going to. In due time they left a Southern Pacific train at El Paso, on the Texas border of Mexico, and there connected with the Mexican Central Railroad, which carried them direct to the City of Chihuahua, the capital of the State, having a population of about 18,000 people. No time was lost in making inquiries, as Hawley knew the ropes and how best to reach the mountain range, and that particular part where the abandoned Las Vegas mine was.

A small rail line took them, by a roundabout way, to a small place called Temasochic, where they hired a couple of Mexican mules, equipped with capacious saddle-bags, which they filled with provisions for their trip into the range. Riding mule-back was slow work, but it had a novelty for Fred that made the time pass more quickly than it otherwise would have done. Traversing a mountainous region is not particularly exhilarating when it consists of long stretches of barren and wild trails, leading through dismal ravines, dark woods and ascending rocky elevations, barren of real verdure. They passed many mines in active operations along their route.

They stopped at some mines and were well treated by the men in charge, who were somewhat curious as to their business in that region. Fred invariably said that they were traveling that way to inspect the mining resources of the State, and this apparently satisfied the questioners. After a trip of several days they reached the property which once bore the name of Las Vegas mine. The houses and other property of the company were gone to ruin, and the entrance to the tunnel leading into the ancient mine looked out on a scene of wild desolation not cheerful to contemplate.

Hawley had inspected the mine with the light of a lantern, but Fred had provided better facilities in the shape of electric flashlights. Provided with a couple of these each they entered the mine and made their way through a long gallery into many similar ones, all going farther and farther into the heart of the range. The mine embraced a much larger area than American mines, as all work had been done on one level, galleries branching off on both sides of the main one, and these, in turn, being connected, one with another, so that it was easy for a stranger in the place to get confused and mixed in his bearings.

Hawley, however, being used to such places, and having been all over the interior of the mine before, had no trouble in finding his way to the pit he had tumbled into. With the rope he had brought along, one end of which he made fast to a large rock, they lowered themselves into a sort of crevasse, not very deep at first but which grew deeper farther along. At last they came to the

spot where Hawley announced the lode was. He had covered it up lightly with earth, which he now cleared away. With a hammer and another tool he chipped off some pieces of quartz.

Fred examined them under the electric rays and found they were alive with silver, just like the sample Hawley had brought to his office and reposed in his safe. The prospector demonstrated that the lode was many feet wide and at least a yard in depth at that point. How far it extended into the mountain was a matter of guesswork, but Hawley said that as a mining aspect he would be willing to stake his reputation on the fact that it ran a considerable distance.

"This ore ought to assay at \$600 or \$700 a ton, which is very rich," he said. "Judging from appearances, I should say that there is still a million dollars' worth of silver to be mined. If you go the right way about it you can get this property for next to nothing, for the authorities have no use for it. Give them the game that you intend to start a company and float the shares in the States. That will tickle them. They'll put you down as a fake promoter, and if you offer to meet all the various charges they'll tack on to you, which won't amount to such a lot in the aggregate when all are counted up, you'll get your title. Of course, you'll have to form the company and have the main office in Chihuahua in order to make good. You can have the branch at your place in Wall Street. Get the certificates printed in Chihuahua, and make the first offering of stock there. The chances are you won't sell much, though there are chumps in Mexico as well as in Wall Street and elsewhere. I'll remain in charge of the main office until you are ready to begin work in the mine, when I will take charge as overseer. In forming the company you can elect yourself president and general manager; put your friend Downey in as treasurer; hire a dummy in Chihuahua to act as secretary, and another to act as vice-president, and several important persons to pose as associate directors. You can get them if you pay them a small sum. Each must own at least one share of the company's stock to make their connection with the company legal. Get out enough stock so that you can sell a quantity if you want to raise funds, and you and I will hold say three-quarters of it so that we shall always have the control. If at any time the lode peters out we can unload and leave the mine to the shareholders."

Thus spoke the prospector while they stood in the hole looking at the silver which was destined to make both of them wealthy.

CHAPTER XIV.—Las Vegas Mining Co.

They made their way back to Chihuahua by the same route they had travelled to reach the mine. Hawley pointed out how the ore could be carried to a smelter within ten miles of the mine entrance, and with his general knowledge with mining he promised to furnish a fair estimate of the cost of putting Las Vegas in working order with the necessary modern machinery, which would chiefly consist of hand drills at first, to be followed with steam ones. As soon as they reached Chi-

huahua, Fred went around among the mining people and got acquainted with them. By degrees he let out his object to form a company to take over Las Vegas or some other abandoned mine, and put the stock on the American market.

The most respectable of the mining men looked askance at his project, for they sized it up as a swindle. They were too polite to say so, but were careful not to get too familiar with him. He received lots of encouragement from others, who wanted to go in with him. He began overtures with the proper authorities for the purchase of Las Vegas, frankly stating his purpose to get up a company at Chihuahua and sell a large amount of promotion stock to develop the mine. The officials grinned, for they all believed Las Vegas to be worthless. They were glad to encourage him, though, with the view of making graft themselves.

Fred was advised that he would have to encounter a considerable amount of red tape which he could easily cut with an application of American dollars. As he expected this, he went ahead and in two weeks got a clear title to the property for an inconsiderable sum, about a quarter of the amount he laid out in graft. He then proceeded to form his company, and secured a very respectable board of directors, for a consideration, who elected the official ticket Fred placed before them. When everything was completed Fred returned to his office in Wall Street, after two months' absence, with a bundle of certificates of stock of the new Las Vegas Silver Mining Co., of Chihuahua. Joe was glad to see him back and had long since been informed by letter that the mine was a winner.

"Things have panned out great with you, Fred," he said.

"I should say so. I told you that I was forming a company to take over the title to the mine which I have bought and paid for."

"Yes, you wrote me that you had it on the stocks."

"It's duly organized under the Mexican laws, and enough stockholders have been secured, through gift of one share of stock each, to form the necessary board of directors. You are one of the directors, Joe."

"I am?"

"Yes, and I have your certificate for ten shares in my grip. You have also been elected treasurer of the company."

"You don't say."

"I am elected president and general manager."

"Of course. That's what you ought to be."

"I took title of the property in my name and Hawley's. The company has been capitalized to the tune of \$1,000,000 American money. It is represented by 400,000 shares, at \$5 each. The board of directors voted myself and Hawley 300,000 shares for the title of the mine. I have given each of the directors I needed, including yourself, one of my shares in order to make them legally entitled to hold office as directors. Those shares have to be signed by you. You and I will also have the job of signing my 200,000 and Hawley's 100,000. It will keep you out of mischief for a while, but it's a job I don't care for, but it's got to be done."

"How many certificates are there to be signed?"

"Every certificate represents 100 shares. Count them up yourself."

"Holy mackerel! Three thousand certificates!"

It's a good thing you have a big vault to store them in."

"It will come in handy. The other 100,000 shares are to be sold if we can get anybody to buy, which is not likely until the mine begins to produce ore. I shall advance all the money necessary to put the mine in operation, under the management of Jack Hawley, who will represent the mine on the ground and at Chihuahua. We have opened an office in Chihuahua, with a clerk in charge, under the supervision of the secretary. The main office has got to be in Mexico, in order to comply with the requirements of the government. This will be the Wall Street branch, but most of the business is likely to be done here. I will have to show myself in Chihuahua once in a while, though I'm not actually required to be there except at the annual election of officers, when you will have to present yourself and read your annual report of the financial condition of the company."

"If we both go to Mexico at one time, who will look after the office here?"

"Don't worry about that yet. We have nearly a year before us before the meeting will take place. By that time we ought to have a force of clerks in the office to attend to the company's business as well as my own."

"My! things are booming with you in great shape."

"Yes, things have been coming my way ever since Mr. Gridley died."

"Including four golden showers of \$500 each."

"I'd give something to find out the mysterious mechanism which operates those showers."

"I'd like to know myself how it is done."

"The mechanic who constructed that to meet the old man's ideas was a good one. Say, there must be a secret door in the vault leading to the place where the gold is on tap."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because the money must have been put there after the work was done, and because I've seen Mr. Gridley carry different amounts of gold into the vault at various times and I never saw him bring any out. If he didn't put it in some secret place it would have been found after his death."

"Your argument is good. It will be some job finding a secret door. It will be as hard to find as the spring we looked for in vain," said Joe.

"I don't doubt it," answered Fred. "Now run up to the painter and bring him down here to letter my door with the name of Las Vegas mine," said Fred, and Joe went on the errand.

Fred remained in the office, busily engaged in reading up Wall Street information so as to get in touch with things again after his two months' absence. That afternoon he called on Olcott and told him about the new mining company he was president of, and explained that was the cause of his going to Mexico.

"Upon my word, Grant, you are the greatest boy I ever had the pleasure of knowing of. You put me in mind of some of the heroes of juvenile fiction I read when I was young. So you're the president of a real silver mine?" said the broker.

"Yes, sir; and that mine, according to the estimate of an expert American prospector and miner, is worth a million."

"What's your interest in it? It must be large to secure you the presidency."

"I own half the stock. The prospector own a quarter, and the other quarter of the stock is in the treasury."

"What is the company capitalized at?"

"One million in American gold."

The broker whistled.

"Four hundred thousand."

"Have they any market value in Mexico?"

"None whatever."

"Then your half interest actually amounts to nothing."

"At present, yes; but wait till we begin mining operations. Here is a sample of the ore."

The broker looked at it with interest.

"Why, that's remarkable rich in silver. The mine is surely valuable if it has much of that stuff in it."

"It remains to be seen how much is in it, but my friend, the prospector, asserts that it will pan out a million dollars' worth of it."

"If it does your fortune is made."

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

Broker Foster had missed Fred and he had dropped into his office several times while he was away to inquire of Joe where he was, and afterward to learn when he was coming back. As Joe knew Foster was no friend of his young boss he had very little information to hand out to the gentleman. All he told him was that he was in Mexico, and he did not know when he was coming back, which was strictly true. When Foster passed Fred's door on the day after his return to the office he noticed the following addition to his sign:

"Wall Street Office of Las Vegas Silver Mining Company, of Chihuahua, Mexico."

He stood and looked at it with no little curiosity.

"Never heard of the mine," he muttered. "So Grant is its New York representative? Hang it, what will that boy do next? He's about the only person in Wall Street smart enough to get the better of me. I suppose I ought to take my hat off to him," he added, with a sneer. "Well, it's a long road that hasn't a turning. I'll reach him yet, and when I do—"

The broker walked off with an unpleasant look on his face. Broker Foster was fated never to get the better of the boy broker. That afternoon he was taken down with a serious illness which kept him out of Wall Street for many months, and eventually ended in his final retirement from the Street.

Fred was a very busy boy during the latter days of August—not with the stock market, but with his mining matters. He bought and shipped to Chihuahua all the more important machinery needed to work the mine, the same being consigned to the company, Jack Hawley, superintendent.

All the rest of the material needed was purchased in Mexico. Hawley hired a bunch of peons, also several carpenters to put up the dwellings for his men outside of the mine. The peons were at first employed to clear the ground and take down the old, ruined buildings. Then they were set

to work to widen and straighten the old road from the mine and build a branch to the smelter. All this work naturally attracted attention in that region. The old neighboring mine owners came around to see what was in the wind, and were astonished to learn that the old Las Vegas mine was about to go into operation again, which meant that a new vein of silver ore had been found in it.

The news was soon circulated in Chihuahua and around the State. Immediately there was a demand for the stock of the mine. Inquirers were told that the mine was found to be so rich in silver that no stock would be sold under par. In fact, the company wasn't anxious to sell any stock at all as it had all the money it wanted to develop it. There was a good deal of bluff about that, and it created a stronger demand for stock. The secretary, through orders from Fred, sold 20,000 shares at \$5 a share, silver.

The newspaper clippings were duly forwarded to Fred and he had them published in several leading mining journals, and he got the Curb Exchange to list the stock. The circular accompanying his request gave the real particulars of the finding of the silver lode in Las Vegas, and stated that the stock could be bought at \$2.50 a share, gold standard, for a short time at the Wall Street office of the company. There was no immediate response, as the mine had not yet acquired a producing record, and \$2.50 was a big price to ask for stock under such a condition.

Hawley started work as soon as he got things in shape, and when the ore began to reach the smelter its richness became the talk of all northern Mexico, and a new demand was made for stock, but Fred wouldn't let any more out. The result was those shares already sold went up in value and were dealt in at Chihuahua like any other Mexican stock. The richness of its first output being published in Wall Street created some demand for the stock. Brokers receiving such orders had to call on Fred to get it.

As the price in Chihuahua was now \$6, Fred wouldn't let a share go in Wall Street under \$3. Only 1,000 were disposed of at that price. Jack Hawley's report grew more and more encouraging, and the stock continued to advance in price in Chihuahua, particularly as none could be got from the company. By the first of the year it was going at \$7.50 a share, and the 5,000 shares Fred allotted to the United States were gradually sold. After that not another share was issued to the public. Only 25,000 had been sold altogether, leaving 75,000 in the treasury.

Thus matters stood at the beginning of the new year. On the second day of January Fred entered his vault for some purpose. He had a bag of gold in his hand and he set it down on the very spot where Joe had been bound and reached for the combination handle of the safe door. A shower of gold fell as on previous occasions. He instinctively looked up and saw what had not been seen before—a trap door opening in the ceiling. A piece of gold had caught in it and prevented it from closing tight. Fred called Joe into the vault and showed him the trap.

"There is where all the gold has come out," he said. "That bag of gold must be standing on the spring."

Both got down and looked close at the floor when Fred pulled the bag away. They found that

at that point a six-inch square plate was slightly depressed, but the moment the bag was off it it seemed to disappear, so closely was it fitted in the floor. Moving the bag of gold slowly over the spot again, while one of them kept his eyes on the outlined trap, the trap suddenly opened and another shower of \$10 gold-pieces descended, the opening closing this time as tight as wax.

Fred marked the floor plate by scratching a cross in it with his knife. Experimenting with it, he found that it was impossible to press it down, except pressure was applied to the dead-center of the plate. This being ascertained, the exact spot was marked and the plate was repeatedly pressed until no more gold came out of the trap. Fifty thousand dollars, all in \$10 gold-pieces, was the legacy that Fred got out of the mystery of the money vault, and he reported the fact to the lawyer.

"That is clearly the old man's missing money," said Lawyer Bates, "and as it came out of the vault itself it becomes your by right."

The secret door leading to the mechanism above could not be located, as the spring which operated it was worked on the same principle as the trap, and being in the wall made its accidental discovery harder. No doubt the two boys had their hands on it more than once, but not in just the proper place. With the explanation of the mystery our story properly ends. We could go on and fill many pages with the story of the Mexican mine, which, after producing a million in silver, was still turning out as much ore as ever. When Fred became twenty-one he was worth about half a million dollars, with the prospect in sight of having a million before many years. And so we drop the curtain on a boy broker's dollars.

Next week's issue will contain "TOM, THE APPRENTICE; OR, THE YOUNG MECHANIC WHO MADE HIS MARK.

A SMALL ANIMAL THAT HAS NO LEGS.

Most of us think of an animal as something that has four legs and can walk, run and skip about, and by a "small animal" we mean a rabbit, or squirrel, or mouse. But I am going to tell you about one smaller than any of these, which hasn't any legs that we can see, and so stays in one place, in fact he really cannot move about for very early in his life he is fastened to a rock or to something firm in the ocean, writes Carolyn C. Bigelow in the Kindergarten Primary Magazine. He does not live all by himself, either, but a number of his family or "colony" live together, yet each one has his own "room" to himself. He is called a sponge.

You know the small, soft sponge that you sometimes use in your bath, and the larger, soft sponge that is used in washing carriages and automobiles? These are really the houses in which a group or "colony" of these little animals once lived. The little animal is very soft and pulpy, like a bit of jelly. His food and nourishment are brought right to him by the water which flows over him. Men in rubber and canvas suits—called divers—go down and gather the sponges, take them up into the boats where the animal part is cleaned out, and just the fibrous framework is left, and that is the part which we know and buy for a sponge.

CURRENT NEWS

SKULL TO WARN MOTORISTS.

On either side of the Otterkill Bridge on the State road between Goshen and Chester, N. Y., the Board of Trade of Goshen has erected large signs bearing the following inscription:

"Private cemetery across the bridge for reckless drivers."

The sign is in black and white, decorated with a skull and cross bones. As the result of reckless driving by autoists in the past, many accidents have occurred at that spot.

MAYOR ORDERS FATHERS TO SPANK.

Two Shelbyville, Ind., youths, taken in custody the other day for "borrowing" bicycles from men employed at local factories, were taken to the basement of the City Building and were spanked in the old-fashioned way by their fathers. Lee Hoop, the mayor, called the fathers of the boys to his office to hear their stories, and then instructed them to spank the boys before leaving the building. The fathers obeyed the mandate with a will, and the boys promised never to take bicycles belonging to others for a ride.

RARE COINS BRING \$8,000.

Rare coins, medals, manuscripts, relics, etc., brought \$8,000 at a sale, which was concluded the other day by the Elder Coin & Curio Company, 21 West Thirty-fifth street, New York.

A brilliant proof of the Gobrecht silver dollar of 1836 fetched \$200. Only eighteen of these proofs were made. An uncirculated silver dollar of 1851 went for \$121. The private \$10 gold pattern in copper of Moran and Clark brought \$110. It was made at San Francisco.

The large 1 cent of 1790 brought \$75. A Manen gold oban, a large oval coin, 1860-62, fetched \$80. The same price was paid for another example of the oban. An Egyptian gold octadrachm of Euergetes, who reigned B. C. 247-222, fetched \$160. The small cent of 1799 brought \$135, which is said to be the record price for this coin.

FIJI ISLAND KING.

"I'm the King of a Fiji Island," wrote Norman Albert of Herndon, Pa., given up for dead twenty years ago, in a letter to J. C. Billman, postmaster of Herndon, the other day in which he inquired if any of his relatives were living. "Tell them to join me, and I'll share my crown with them," he added. Albert does not say how he got to the Pacific group, but it is known that he was a sailor, but his friends had long ago lost all hope of ever hearing from him, as he had not written for many years.

Inquiries were made for his mother, Mrs. Lou-

ise Albert, and for several other living men. From the tone of the letter it appears that he is now rolling in wealth and living a life of ease. The letter was mailed from Lantoka, South Sea Island, Fiji.

SMALLEST THEATRE.

The smallest theatre in the world, but one which may revise the whole theatrical art, will be opened in Paris next month. It is founded by Francois Bernouard, a publisher, and will be free to all comers—that is until its forty available seats are taken. But late comers will not have to wait long for the second performance, as M. Bernouard's programmes will not last longer than a quarter of an hour. The theatre is in the rear of Mr. Bernouard's bookshop.

"As far as possible," he says, "I intend the presentations to be impromptu. Authors all drop in for a chat during the afternoon. Instead of discoursing learnedly or humorously on any subject they will be invited to give their thoughts to the waiting public. When impromptu performers are not available there will be a long list of dialogues, monologues and even small dramas to pick from, but none long enough to tire the public."

M. Bernouard believes the public wants to be weaned from the cinemas and that as soon as the people are given short masterpieces instead of long, tedious film action the movies will be doomed.

FOUNTAIN PENS USED OVER 300 YEARS AGO.

A reference to fountain pens in an advertisement published in 1788 is quoted in a new Etymological Dictionary of Modern English.

Surprise is expressed that this form of writing implement was known so many years ago. But there must have been fountain pens nearly two centuries before 1788, for E. S. Bate, in his "Touring in 1600," shows that travelers wrote with them at that time. By the middle of the eighteenth century they had come to be called by their present name.

A Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, published 1754, defines "fountain pen" as "a pen made of silver, brass, etc., contrived to contain a considerable quantity of ink, and let it flow out by gentle degrees. To use the pen the cover must be taken off and the pen a little shaken to make the ink run more freely."

British patents were obtained for fountain pens in 1809, one being granted to Joseph Bramah, of lock fame, and another to F. B. Folsch for a stylographic as well as a fountain pen.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

The young lawyer had expected to read a communication from the girl herself, but instead of that he found a letter from another party to Madge, which explained the latter's absence. This is what he read, written in a ladylike hand on scented paper:

"My Dear Miss Morehouse:

"I am a total stranger to you, and under the circumstances it would be more fitting for me to call upon you instead of asking you to call upon me, but when I state the nature of the case you will probably forgive me, seeing that I have no time to spare. I have been taking lessons of Professor Alterius for somt time past, and just when I need him most he is compelled to leave town. Before he went away he spoke highly of you as a teacher of both vocal and instrumental music, and said that if I continued my studies under you I would lose nothing by the change.

"My father's lodge will have an entertainment two nights from now, and I am down on the program for two selections. There are some points in the pieces that I intend to play which are not clear to me, and Professor Alterius did not have time to go over them with me before leaving town, so I am going to ask you to be good enough to call this evening and give me a good two hours' drilling with them, something I am confident that you are capable of doing. I will gladly pay you whatever you think is right for this unusual service, and at the same time we can talk over the matters of terms if you will consent to take me for a permanent pupil.

"As it will be quite late when you are through with me, I would suggest that you have somebody call for you about ten o'clock. My address is number thirty-five Grove street. Ring two bells.

"Respectfully,
"Angela Holcomb."

"Madge told me to tell you that she expected you to call for her about ten o'clock," said Mrs. Morehouse when Lew laid the letter down on the table. "I suppose you'll do so?"

"Certainly," said Lew.

"Otherwise her father would have to do so," said Mrs. Morehouse, "for that hour would be a trifle late for a respectable young girl to come through dark streets alone."

"I'll be there," said Lew, and then he left the house and made up his mind to pass the intervening time until near ten o'clock at some moving picture show, his favorite diversion.

He sat in the moving picture show until about a quarter to ten, knowing that he could easily walk to Grove street in five minutes, and then started out, saying that anyhow he would have the pleasure of walking home with Madge.

Grove street was but poorly lighted, but there was a street lamp near the house, by the light of which Lew made out the number he was seeking, and he ran up the steps and pulled the bell twice.

In a moment he heard steps descending the stairway within, and a moment later the door was opened by a man of middle age, who looked at the young lawyer inquiringly.

"Well, sir?" he said.

"My name is Rand," politely said Lew, "and I have called for Miss Morehouse, who is giving lessons here."

"All right; walk in, please. My daughter says that she will be through in about ten minutes, so if you don't mind waiting that length of time I will ask you to sit in the back parlor until they are through."

"Very well," assented Lew, and the man led the way down the long hallway towards the rear of the house, light being afforded by a lamp that swung in a fixture near the foot of the stairway.

"Step in and I will give you a light," said the man, throwing open the door of a room at the end of the passage, and as Lew took a step forward the man put his two hands against the young lawyer's shoulders and gave him a vigorous push.

Taken completely off his guard, Lew flew forward about ten feet before he lost his footing and fell heavily to the floor, and as he did so the door was closed, locked on the outside, and two bolts were quickly shot into place.

Lew Rand was a prisoner!

CHAPTER XI.—The Conversation in the Dark— The Combination Tool—What Is Beyond?

It was all done so quickly that Lew scarcely realized what had happened to him.

He had been pushed forward with a very powerful shove, and his vain effort to recover his balance had resulted in dropping heavily to the floor, so heavily, indeed, that he was jarred and bewildered for a moment, and lay on the floor somewhat stunned.

Then he came to his senses and got upon his feet.

He knew, of course, that he had once more been cleverly trapped, and he was thoroughly disgusted with himself for falling into the snare.

He was in total darkness.

Moving slowly forward in the intense gloom of the room, his hands held in front of him, he touched a wall at length, and then felt his way along it until he came to a door. Then he lay down on the floor so as to bring his eyes close to the bottom of the door, with the idea that he might be able to see a faint gleam of light under it if it happened to be the door that led into the hallway, but he saw nothing, and then, recalling the fact that the only light in the hallway was near the front of the passage, he concluded that there was small chance of seeing the faintest gleam, anyhow.

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

WAR DEPARTMENT ORDERS 235 AIRPLANES.

It was announced at the War Department on April 1 that orders had been placed with two airplane manufacturing concerns for 235 planes at a total cost of \$2,205,000. Of these 200 are Thomas Morse pursuit planes to cost \$7,000 each and thirty-five are Martin type bombing planes to cost \$23,000 each. The Thomas Morse type of plane has a record as the fastest stock machine in the United States. The bombing planes will be equipped with Liberty motors.

INDIAN CLAIM.

Sioux Indians of the Rosebud Reservation, in Southern South Dakota, will hold a big council in May to discuss the claim of the Sioux Nation and associated Indian tribes for payment for the Black Hills.

This claim, by which the Indians will seek to recover about \$9,000,000 in payment for the Black Hills, will be pushed in the near future before the proper bureau at Washington.

The Indians allege the small percentage of Indians who signed the treaty transferring the Black Hills to the whites were without authority and that the treaty accordingly was null and void, and that they are entitled to payment for the Black Hills, which to date have produced gold to the value of more than \$225,000,000.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

It is less than three decades since the first reindeer were imported into Alaska, from Siberia, to help the Eskimos. The Bureau of Education, Department of Interior, performed the humanitarian service which marked the beginning of an industry which now registers more than 200,000 animals, in addition to the more than 100,000 which have been butchered for food and clothing since their importation.

Given another ten years, with something of the same aid which the Government extends to other animal industries, it is predicted that Alaska will range more than a million reindeer, a number which is held to be greater than all the herds of Norway, Sweden and Finland combined.

Alaska is estimated to contain an area equivalent to that of California and Arkansas combined which is suitable for grazing reindeer, and not suitable for farming or other animal raising. This vast area would afford pasture for millions of reindeer.

More than 1,000 Eskimos still own 70 per cent. of the reindeer, a firm of white owners hold about 12 per cent.; the Government, the missions, other firms, and the Lapps control the remainder.

The reindeer ranchers hold forth the hope that they will be able to contribute materially to the meat supply of a mounting population in the

states, where there is concern about the dwindling grazing areas of the West. They point that approximately 200,000 animals with a meat valuation of three-quarters of a million dollars were available for the market during 1920. Shipment of 1,600 carcasses, approximately a quarter of a million pounds, valued at some \$60,000, was made to the states in that period. Cold storage plants, with facilities for handling 12,000 carcasses yearly, already have been built.

The pioneer firm of white men engaged in the reindeer industry is located at Nome, on whose beach the placer gold miners pitched their tents in 1899. Their herds range over the Seaward peninsula and upon Nunivak Island. Their cold storage plants are located at Nome, Keewalk, Golovin and Egavik.

Reindeer meat is shipped, frozen, to Seattle, and refrigerator cars carry it to the inland distributing center, Minneapolis. It is not a game meat, rather it tastes most nearly like mutton, according to some. Others compare it to beef. Already it has found place on menu cards of hotels and retail dealers have developed a steady demand for it in some Western communities.

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THE LOST POSTCARD

By ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG.

A loud scream suddenly startled the ears of Mr. Harlan, as he sat before his easel, enthusiastically working upon a painting.

It came from the room of his next-door neighbor, and he dropped both palette and brushes as he gave a nervous start, and waited motionless for a repetition of the cry.

"My poor, poor baby—my darling Cora," in an agonized shriek succeeded, and amid other frantic ejaculations was now heard the sound of a slammed door, and feet hurrying down the staircase.

Mr. Harlan was for a moment paralyzed with horror.

What was he to think?

That charming golden-haired child who had served him as a model, and whose delightful prattle had often solaced him in his studio, must have fallen from a window, four stories from the ground.

He rushed to his own to look out, shuddering and hesitant.

He gazed below him; his mind was at once relieved—no such spectacle as he had feared was visible.

Had he been dreaming?

What could have occasioned that mother's awful shriek?

His glance roved down the street.

Ah, at the corner is a seemingly excited crowd.

As he looks, there advances to it, pale and with disheveled hair, his distracted neighbor, still crying:

"My darling little baby—my poor, poor Cora!"

She receives from someone in the gathering the limp figure of a child, which she covers with kisses and tears.

Then, her expression still despairing, she staggers with her burden towards the house.

A tram car, stationary a little distance off, gives the artist a hint at the truth.

Has the little creature been run over by a careless driver?

With a bound he reaches the door, and then himself tears down the staircase.

He gains the street, and with face averted from the mother, puts a rapid question to a spectator:

"Is the child killed?"

"I don't know."

Still fearing to look upon what is now perhaps but a mangled mass of flesh and blood, he accosts another in the crowd:

"Yes."

"C-can the child live?"

"I don't think it's much hurt. As I turned, when the child screamed behind me, I saw it under the horses' feet, but they had stopped going, and I instantly picked it up. 'Twas I gave it to the mother. I believe it's more frightened than hurt. One of the horses had his foot raised as if fearing to set it down. Ha, he! I believe he was afraid of hurting the little thing. I never believed horses had so much sense. I—"

From this gurrulous speaker Mr. Harlan was now called by catching the mother's eye.

She beckoned to him, and he at once advanced to her, uttering words of condolence and congratulation.

"Won't you drop a postal card to my husband?" exclaimed she. "You know his office."

"Certainly—certainly! I'll go for him at once."

"No—no! write! I know he has important business to-day. You might not find him. He'll certainly be in the office at six, when he'll get the card if sent at once."

The mother meanwhile had disappeared within the house, where an examination proved that the intense excitement experienced by the artist and the others had no cause for continuance.

The child was wholly uninjured, excepting as to the right foot, bruised probably by being caught in the rails as she fell.

Smiles and laughter succeeded; and when, at half-past seven that evening, Mr. Harlan opened his door in response to a rap, and beheld Mr. Whittredge, the father of the child, there was a broad grin upon his face as he extended his hand.

But the jocose observation on his lips died, as his hand was refused, and his visitor gazed sternly upon him.

"Excuse me, sir; I cannot shake hands with you, and yet I thank you for your post-card."

"Well, sir, you simply amaze me. What do you mean? You must be joking."

"Not at all, Mr.—Heathcote."

The artist started back, turned as white as his collar, and a tremor ran through his frame.

"Why—why do you address me by that name?"

"It is the name you gave on the card you sent me this afternoon; and, Mr. Marlan, I believe it is your real name."

"I—I sent you that name?"

"Here it is, sir—Augustus Heathcote. My wife saw you write this card. You forgot yourself in the excitement."

"Well, supposing I do bear an assumed name? What is that to you? We have been friendly in our relations. You have no reason to doubt aught but esteem me. We have lived side by side for two years. What have you against me?"

"Against Mr. Harlan, nothing; but I have heard before of Mr. Heathcote. He was in my uncle's employ. Job Gardner. You wince. There can be no mistake. You are Augustus Heathcote."

"I am. I have been slandered. Circumstances have borne against me. You know my real self. What have I been condemned for?"

"Condemned! You were not condemned."

"Condemned in everyone's opinion, or I would not have changed my name. How did I escape? Only because no trace of the money could be found in my possession. Years have passed since. I show no signs of wealth at present. What would you have? I am innocent, though my name is disgraced. It mattered not until the last two or three years whether I bore it or not. I was a wanderer in extreme poverty. I cultivated the art talent with which I was endowed. I earned my living in Germany by serving as a model. Wealth—where is it? Where is the thousand pounds I am supposed to have stolen? I was acquitted, as you allow; why refuse my hand?"

"With mention of your name came the bitter thought that through you, perhaps, I and my family are poor. I was my uncle's heir."

"You? Where was his son?"

"Dead. Did you not know that?"

"How long since? Father and son both dead?"

"He died shortly after you were acquitted and you disappeared."

"And your uncle left but a small property?"

"He did. The robbery deprived him of most of his capital. That and his son's death preyed upon his spirits. He was unsuccessful in his business ever after."

"You are his sole heir?"

"I am."

"You may be wealthy yet. That one-thousand-pound bond and securities yet exists. I have an idea. I have always been certain that the son took that money. I had alone the key of the safe and knew the combination—it was that condemned me; but—but I found wax on the key one day, and I've heard Mr. Gardner talk in his sleep during his after-dinner nap. The son dead, you shall have the money. I thank goodness I sent you that card, that I have brought you to know Augustus Heathcote."

"Let me, however," continued the artist, "be Harlan to you as usual, and to your wife. Do not disclose my secret, unless I fail to restore you your property. Harlan is the name I wish to bear—the name I think I shall yet make distinguished."

"You go too fast," responded his auditor. "You claim to know apparently where the property is. Why should I not think, then, that you have hid it? You make me again suspicious of you."

"I may speak too hastily, but I am sanguine of success. I will tell you why. Shortly after I was acquitted—almost immediately after leaving the courtroom—I encountered George Gardner, in his father's grounds, whither I went to obtain my few personal effects. We were alone, and smarting with the suspicion environing me, I told him I knew he was the thief, and that I would watch and wait until I could prove it. With that I left him, and soon forgot my threat; but he did not. I believe it may have killed him—he was a very coward, whom fear would drive to suicide."

"He died suddenly. It was said of heart disease."

"If he stole the money, as I am sure, it is hid somewhere in the garden attached to his father's house. It has never been heard of, you say, then it is there. If you can grant me the right to explore that thoroughly, I am convinced you will find the money."

"What causes you to think it is there?"

"It was there that our encounter took place, and I have often since wondered at the direction that his eye took as I talked to him. Many other signs escaped him which made me judge since, as in my rage I did not then, that we stood not far from the treasure."

"It seems to me a wild idea."

"But the money has not turned up. Where is it? Have you a right to those grounds now?"

"The house is rented, but I own it."

"Will you aid me to make the trial?"

"I will go with you."

"I shall not be recognized. I was but a striping then. It is agreed. Can we start to-morrow?"

"Yes."

Upon their journey the following day Harlan explained why he felt so sure their search would be successful.

Harlan yet experienced a degree of astonishment, mingled with his delight, at having his prognostications realized, for the treasure was found in the garden, inclosed in a wooden box, and that after but an hour's exploration and digging.

The artist has recently finished a large painting entitled "Good News."

A charming face therein of a little girl, who is represented handing a letter to her agitated parents, is an explicit portrait of the child who was the cause of his having disclosed his secret.

TRACKING SNAKES.

When the Australian aborigine or black fellow is pushed and can find no other game, he catches lizards, snakes, iguanas, and kangaroo rats, the wildest and most agile of all wild animals on their own ground, and amid surroundings favorable of a superior wild animal.

With those wonderful brown eyes of his, he can see the faintest trail where a snake had zigzagged through the dry moss and leaves, or the slightest footmark where an iguana had fled from his approach to its refuge in a hollow tree. When daylight fails him, and the dews of evening begin to fall, his broad nostrils take up the chase, and stooping down among the bushes, with a tough forked stick in his hands to support him in his tiring attitude, he follows the track as unerringly as any bloodhound.

When he runs a snake to earth, if he cannot surprise it in the open and kill it by a sudden blow of his stick, he squats over its hole, holding the forked end of his stick downward, and makes a low hissing or whistling sound with his lips.

Soon the snake puts his head out of the hole and peers around. In an instant the forked stick descends and fixes it to the ground by the neck, and the black fellow, seizing it firmly with his muscular hands just behind the head, so that it cannot bite him, drags it out of the hole, and twists its head off; or, if it is too strong for that, pounds it on the ground till its back is broken.

So with the iguanas and all the other animals. The black fellow never loses their trail when once he gets upon it, and, having followed them to their lair, he patiently awaits until they come out, or until he is able to get a hand in and pull them out.

The black fellows declare, and probably with truth, that not a single animal can escape them, if they have time to hunt a piece of desert country thoroughly. When they want to return to camp, they can follow their own trail by sight with the greatest ease, but they say they cannot follow their own trail by scent at all. It has no scent for them, though another man's has strong scent.

This is one of the most curious facts connected with these strange people; but it is only in accord with well-known natural phenomena.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, MAY 20, 1921.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

FEAR LOSS IN FRUIT

Farmers in Cape May County, N. J., who are large growers of apples, pears, peaches and other fruit are much worried over the continued warm weather, as they say that the trees are beginning to bud and that if they advance much further and cold weather sets in again thousands of dollars will be lost.

This has been the warmest Winter in many years. Fishermen have been reaping a harvest from crabs which at this season of the year usually are bedded deep in the mud, but which this Winter lie close to the surface. They have been selling in the local markets at from 30 to 50 cents per dozen.

Farmers in the northern part of the country have most of their Spring plowing done, two months ahead of time.

ROBBERS RETURN SAFE

Burglars before dawn the other morning removed a 300-pound safe from the store of Sedke Bozoz at 309 Fourth Street, Union Hill, N. J., opened it by means of the combination and extracted \$300 in Liberty bonds and several insurance policies. Then the robbers carried the safe in an automobile to Bozoz's home at 128 West Twenty-third Street, West New York, more than two miles away, and threw it on the lawn near his front stoop.

Two women passing Bozoz's home shortly after 7 o'clock, saw the safe with the door open, and awakened Bozoz. He recognized the safe and informed the police of Union Hill. They told him that a few hours before a policeman had discovered his store had been robbed, but they didn't know his safe had been taken.

APARTMENT HOUSE WITH NO STAIRS OR ELEVATOR

There is an apartment in the best residential section of Seattle, Wash., which has neither stairs nor elevator. The ramp system from floor to floor, such as is used in the public part of the Grand Central Station, has been installed in the house and apparently is very successful. The builders of the house claim that space is not

wasted and that the advantages of the ramp over stairs and elevators are numerous.

The easy grades of the inclines dispenses with the need of elevators, which is a saving in operating cost. The inclined system permits the easy removal of tenants, has reduced the risk to life from fire and accident and is easy to keep in good condition.

There are in one house twenty-eight apartments of two and three rooms each, which rent at the rate of \$16 a room.

The two-room apartments are furnished with one wall bed which closes into a large, double ventilated closet, with a door on each side of the bed, while the three-room suites have two beds with similar closets. An inter-communicating phone system is installed throughout the building. Indirect lighting fixtures are an added feature in the living and dining rooms. The bath rooms have tiled floors and alpines.

Oil is used for fuel at a yearly average of one barrel per day. Two sets of individual garbage pails are furnished each apartment, which affords every day a fresh, clean pail, after it has gone through a scalding and drying process in a room especially fitted for that purpose. All paper and dry garbage is burned in the incinerator, which furnishes hot water.

LAUGHS

Many a man who says "the fools are not all dead yet" thereby proclaims to the world that his wife isn't a widow.

"What is a bore, pop?" "A bore, my son, is a person who succeeds in keeping the mouth of another person closed."

"Did yiz iver make iny money backin' horses, Mulligan?" "Sure, Oi made a hundred dollars wance." "How did yez do us?" "Oi backed him down a cillar awn thin sued the mon for lavin' th' door open."

"Willie, are you and Ben in any mischief out there?" "Oh, no," replied the boy. "We're all right. We're just playing ball with some eggs the grocer left, to see how many times we can catch one before it breaks."

Hoogley—When I entered your yard last evening your dog barked at me. Wilby—You could hardly expect me to keep servants and let them fill in their time barking at folks, and I'm too busy myself to attend to it.

Teacher—Now, then, Tommy, you have no good excuse for staying away from school yesterday. Tommy—Well, it ain't my fault. Teacher—It isn't? Why? Tommy—'Cause I done my best to think up a good one.

"Mamria," said Elsie, who had heard her papa and mamma discussing household economies, "we have to be very saving, don't we?" "Yes, dear, but come now; take your cod liver oil and—" "But I was just thinking, suppose we economize on cod liver oil!"

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

CENTRIFUGAL GUN OF NO MILITARY VALUE.

After making exhaustive tests with the centrifugal gun at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md., the Ordnance Department has come to the conclusion that indications do not point to the possibility of obtaining a centrifugal gun which will have any military value, by reason of the necessary weight and the apparent inability to obtain a sufficient initial velocity. The tests which have been conducted are believed to furnish a basis upon which it may be definitely stated that this type of weapon is not suitable for development to a point where it will have military value. It is considered as an interesting illustration of what may be done with centrifugal force, but limited by the nature of the mechanism required to the status of a laboratory demonstration. The above conclusions bear out those of a similar nature made years ago, after trials of a centrifugal gun, when sanguine inventors were positive they had a gun that would revolutionize warfare.

COMET IS EARTH BOUND.

Winnecke's comet, which, according to Dr. Crommelin, a British astronomer, will approach "very near" the earth soon, is gradually increasing in brightness, it was said in a message from Prof. A. O. Leuschner of the University of California.

"The only way the phenomenon will affect the earth will be in the form of a meteoric shower which should be somewhat spectacular," he reported. "The visitation is due late in May or early in June, but will not be apparent to the earth until this shower occurs."

Prof. Leuschner expressed doubt, however, that the comet would at any time be visible except through a high-powered telescope. The statement that it would come "very near" to the earth was interpreted as meaning some millions of miles. The comet, according to Prof. Leuschner, makes its appearance periodically every five and a fraction years.

JAPAN WELCOMES AMERICAN VISITORS.

Reports from the United States of alleged mistreatment in Japan purporting to come from returned travelers from the Orient have caused Mr. C. Inomata of the Japan Tourist Bureau to issue a denial of such charges.

Mr. Inomata's statement is contained in a letter written to San Francisco for the purpose of letting would-be travelers know that, contrary to stories circulated in the United States in some quarters, travel in this country is as safe as it ever was.

In explaining the letter Mr. Inomata said that

if such reports continued in the United States it would mean a serious injury to tourist trade, not only to the travel in Japan but to the entire Orient, for the reason that Japan has in the past been one of the chief attractions to those contemplating Oriental tours.

"We feel that Japan is being misrepresented in America," the statement says in part. "This emphasizes the importance, not to say necessity, of more Americans coming to Japan. Japan should not be judged by utterances, spoken or printed, of prejudiced or self-spoken people. The truth of these utterances should not be blindly accepted, but tested by personal observation and experience.

"American tourists in Japan, many of whom call at our offices, are unanimous in their expression of satisfaction regarding the treatment they have received in this country. Americans are assured of courtesy and politeness and the good will of our people."

TRANSMITS PICTURE 600 MILES BY WIRE.

Herwood Peterson, a chief engineer in the Government telegraph service in Norway, has invented a wire and cable system by which it is possible to transfer a picture or a message in original handwriting over a practically unlimited distance. The device was publicly tested here recently between two 600 mile points, and was reported to be successful.

Contrary to the present telegraph system, Mr. Peterson uses an alternating electric current, allowing a strictly synchronous work of the sending and the receiving apparatus, a higher speed and an enormous saving of operating costs. The system, it is claimed, also makes it possible to transmit double the number of words compared with any other telegraphic system now used, and it operates automatically from the moment the telegram, picture or drawing is received by the operator until it is received at the place of delivery. No new wires or cables are necessary.

The manuscript to be transferred is placed on a metallic cylinder—somewhat resembling an original wax phonograph cylinder—covered with a photographic film and exposed to a strong arc light. The manuscript is copied on the cylinder film, developed and chromographically etched into the metal. The cylinder is then placed on the sending apparatus, to which is transmitted an electric apparatus. When the cylinder rotates a needle moves on it, touching every point of the cylinder. Whenever it touches the copied letters of the manuscript it causes a short circuit, which is transmitted to the receiving apparatus with its photographic paper on which the copy is reproduced.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

NEW COUNTERFEIT FOUND.

Another counterfeit ten-dollar bill has been discovered by the Treasury Department. This one is drawn on the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta, bearing check letter "D," face plate No. 63, back plate No. 256, signed by Carter Glass, Secretary of the Treasury; John Burke, Treasurer of the United States, and with a portrait of Jackson.

The counterfeit is printed from photo-engraved plates of fair workmanship on a single piece of heavy paper, without any attempt to imitate the silk fibre of the genuine. The number of the specimen at hand is F9947764A. According to the Federal Reserve circular this counterfeit will deceive the careless handler of money.

NEW BROOKLYN SEWER.

The sewers of Paris, described as actual catacombs, will not compare with a Brooklyn sewer now nearing completion, said to be the largest in the world. This sewer, at the intersection of Flatlands and Ralph avenues, will have a carrying capacity of 2,800 cubic feet per second. This equals the capacity of a circular sewer twenty feet in diameter.

The sewer is at the head of Paerdegat Basin, into which it will empty. It consists of five connected sections, each nine feet high and nearly twelve feet wide, with a total width of structure of seventy feet nine inches.

GIRL LOSES \$5,000 RADIUM.

Living death in a golden capsule, fastened with a silken cord, is secreted somewhere in Chicago, a constant menace to the one who has it in his possession. It is living death, but it means a new hope of life to scores of patients in Chicago hospitals.

The capsule contains fifty milligrams of precious radium, valued at more than \$5,000. It was lost in a northbound Englewood elevated train recently by Miss Lillian Brown, employed by a group of prominent Chicago physicians who jointly owned the radium.

The hunt for the missing radium is being conducted not only to save the life of the finder, but to bring relief to the hospital sufferers.

WHAT THIS NATION GIVES ITS PRESIDENT.

According to the Washington Star, the following are among the rewards and courtesies Uncle Sam now gives the person who is elected the Nation's Chief Executive:

A salary of \$75,000 a year.

Another \$25,000 for traveling expenses.

A home on which the attention of the world is focused.

Furnishings and maintenance complete for this house.

A private room in the Capitol building.

A flock of the finest automobiles American factories can produce, and an electric car for the first lady of the land.

A private detective force.

A force of 50 policemen to guard the house and grounds.

A private art gallery.

A score of greenhouses, to keep the White House decorated and provide plants and blooms for dinners and receptions.

A private yacht.

A private train—whenever the President wants it.

The best brass band in the world.

A flag that no one else may use.

A personal physician.

Naval and military personal aids.

A social secretary for the mistress of the White House, who is social leader of the country.

A daily newspaper, prepared for him alone.

A complete retinue—the best private secretary he can find, a man to keep track of his appointments, another to open his mail, one whose special duty it is to keep "cranks" from getting to the President, a barber, a disbursing officer to keep the White House accounts straight.

Stop Using a Truss



Yes, stop it, you know by your own experience it is only a make-shift, a false prop against a collapsing wall, and that it is undermining your health. Why, then, continue to wear it? Here is a better way, which means that tiresome, tortuous trusses can be thrown away forever, and it's all because Stuart's PLAPAO-PADS are different, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to prevent slipping and to afford an arrangement to hold the parts securely in place.

NO STRAPS, BUCKLES OR SPRINGS ATTACHED,

cannot slip, so cannot chafe or press against the pubic bone.

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PILOT-FISH
GETS RIDE
FOR NOTHING

Sailors have a saying that where the shark is the pilot-fish will be found. The pilot-fish, or shark-sucker, as it is often called, attaches itself to the surface of other fish by means of a sucking disk. The pilot-fish, however, does no "piloting," though it certainly does suggest to the nautical mind a brisk little pilot-boat bringing a big ship to port. Apparently it merely desires to have a comfortable resting place or at most to get a free ride, like the small boy "hanging behind."

The pilot-fish seems especially fond of attaching itself to sharks and turtles.

This characteristic has led to the curious custom among some primitive tribes of employing a sucker-fish as a live fishhook (not bait) for catching other fish or turtle. A metal ring is placed around the tail of the sucker-fish so that a line can be fastened to it. The fish is then thrown over and at once darts away to the nearest refuge, which is apt to be a large turtle that has been sighted by the fisherman. When the turtle is reached the sucker-fish attaches its disk against the side of the animal, which is then drawn in by means of the line.

RHEUMATISM LEFT HIM AS IF BY MAGIC!

**Had Suffered
Over 50 Years!**

**Now 83 Years,
Yet a Big
Surprise
To Friends**

**Regains
Strength
Goes Out
Fishing
Back to
Business
Laughs at
"URIC
ACID"**

**How the
"Inner
Mysteries"
Reveals Startling
Facts Overlooked
By Doctors and
Scientists For Centuries**



"I am eighty-three years old and I doctorred for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army over fifty years ago" writes J. B. Ashelman. "Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures', and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now, as if by magic, I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Mr. Ashelman is only one of thousands who suffered for years, owing to the general belief in the old, false theory that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism. This erroneous belief induced him and legions of unfortunate men and women to take wrong treatments. You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as to try and get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints, by taking treatments supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. Many physicians and scientists now know that Uric Acid never did, never can and never will cause rheumatism; that it is a natural and necessary constituent of the blood; that it is found in every new-born babe; and that without it we could not live!

These statements may seem strange to some folks, who have all along been led to believe in the old "Uric Acid" humbug. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out this truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders, and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," a remarkable book now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this particular trouble.

NOTE: If any reader of this magazine wishes the book that reveals these facts regarding the true cause and cure of rheumatism, facts that were overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a post card or letter to H. P. Clearwater, No. 534 G Street, Hallowell, Maine, and it will be sent by return mail without any charge whatever. Cut out this notice lest you forget! If not a sufferer yourself hand this good news to some afflicted friend.

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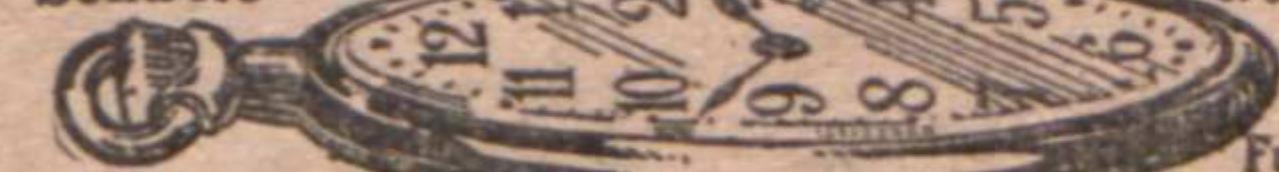
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The phantom herd of the North has been found. For years a tradition of a great herd of buffalo somewhere in the Mackenzie River basin has lingered among the fur posts. Indians told of sighting it blackening the wild pastures of remote valleys. No white man has seen it. But trappers had chanced upon its trampled trails and ten years ago two mighty bulls that had straggled far from their fellows were killed.

F. H. Kitto, engineer of the natural resources branch of the Department of the Interior, who has returned from five months of explorations in the Mackenzie country, reports that he saw the herd and estimates it at 1,000 head. He received reports, he says, from Indians that another herd equally as large exists further north.

Canada has the largest bison herd in the world in the National Park at Wainwright. Jan. 1 it numbered 4,335. With the exception of ninety animals that still live in untamed freedom in the northern fastnesses of Yellowstone Park the Mackenzie River herds are the only wild buffalo left on the continent.

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